

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1308.—June 26, 1869.

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"IN HIM IS NO DARKNESS AT ALL."

CAN it be true that "God is light
And darkness hath no place in Him,"
When all our way is sad and drear?
Could He, though throned in angel's sight,
Be happy mid His Cherubim
Did He love us who suffer here?
Would not the cries of our distress
Pierce through His heaven's holy calm?
The moans of our unhappiness
Break in upon the Seraph's psalm,
And mar His everlasting peace?

Ah, brothers, weak of faith, how small
Is all your view of His intent!
Shut in by earth's confining wall,
Ye cannot see the great event,
Toward which the Loving Lord of all
Is guiding on His children's feet.
Your ears are deafened in the fight;
With battle-smoke your eyes are dim;—
But still the Heavens the song repeat,
That over all He dwells in light,
And darkness hath no place in Him!

The warfare of humanity,
With all its sorrows, doubts, and fears,
Preludes the song of victory.
And, watered by Time's bitter tears,
Grow harvests for Eternity;
He sends the rain who gives the sun;
Both are rich blessings in His sight,
Howe'er our feeble faith may deem.
By both His holy will is done;
And both shall show that He is light,
And darkness hath no place in Him.

The Captain of the host of God
By suffering was perfect made.
His back endured the smiter's rod,—
And, crowned with thorns, to death's dark
shade
With willing feet, He onward trod,
To save us from our sin and loss.
He entered the abodes of night,
Death's captives that he might redeem.
Shall we, for whom He bore the cross,
Doubt the great truth that He is light,
And darkness hath no place in Him?

We know not what may best befit
The discipline that here is given:—
But we do know that over it
Presides the God of Earth and Heaven:
And, uncomplaining, we submit
To what the Father's love may send;
Assured that what He sends is right.
And, though our eyes with tears are dim,
We wait serenely for the end,
When we shall see that God is light
And darkness hath no place in Him.

Our joys are blessings from His hand;—
Our sorrows tokens of His love:—
Supported by His grace we stand;
Protected by His might, we move
Right onward through the pilgrim land.

We follow where He leads us on
Through sun and storm, through day and
night.

With trustful prayer and joyful hymn,
Until the victory be won,
And Heaven shall show that "God is light
And darkness hath no place in Him."
The Living Church. E. C. PORTER.

"THE RETURN OF THE DOVE," BY G. F.
WATTS, R. A.

ROYAL ACADEMY, 1869.

ONLY a waste of waters,
Only a tideless sea,
Which is not life, which is not death,
But death in life to me.

Only the years on-coming
Rolling their silent waves
Over the bygone trouble,
Over Life's hidden graves.

Only a drear out-looking
For a hope that is long delayed,
And a weariful prayer for patience,
And a wish that may not be prayed.

Why am I ever watching?
What can I ever see?—
Only a dove that is coming
From a far-off land to me.

Only a branch it is bringing,
Which tells of a clearer day,
And bears me a promise of peace and life,
When the waters have passed away.

F. M. S.

MID-DAY IN SUMMER.

Lo! lying in the fierce meridian heat,
The beauteous earth looks like a thing that
dreams,

And, all o'ercome with stupor strangely sweet,
She wholly in the warm sun's clutches seems.
Cows seek the shed's cool shade; in sober wise,
So lazily through the languid noontide air,
A crow flies from the high green hill that lies
Aback beyond the flat. The heat, the glare
Chalks out the white highway that runs along
The distant upland. Not a bird makes choice
To warble even the fragment of a song,
And nature would not own a single voice
But for the restless brooks that, all alive,
Murmur like bees content in honeyed hive.

Chambers's Journal.

From The Edinburgh Review.
CONFUCIUS.*

It must be confessed that books on China in the European languages are scarcely ever attractive. The elaborate compilation of Dr. Williams is rather a book of reference than a book for continuous perusal. The 'Chinese Repository,' which contains a mass of miscellaneous information, is very difficult to meet with. The published volumes in which the Jesuit missionaries have recorded the results of their labours are disfigured with statements from which the philosophic mind revolts; and Sir John Davis, whose book is the most readable one ever written on the subject by an Englishman, was unfortunate in being restricted to a limited field of observation. Of slighter works it is needless to speak. An examination of the books we have named will, we are assured, convince our readers that the indifference to the interests of the Flowery Land is to be attributed in large measure to the difficulty of obtaining accurate information about it. But the translation of Confucius by Dr. Legge, which we have placed at the head of this article, is really a valuable addition to our sources of knowledge. It is an elaborate and a conscientious translation. The six preliminary chapters are singularly interesting, and the notes from the various Chinese commentators on the text of the *Analects* lucid and numerous. From the first hundred pages of the *Prolegomena* the reader will learn more about the great philosopher of China than from any other English book hitherto published. As a translator Dr. Legge goes to a great extent beyond his critics, for few foreigners have attained that familiarity with the Lun-Yo and its successors, which is derived from a devoted though not unbroken study of twenty-one years. When placed side by side with other renderings, those of the latest translator seem generally perspicuous, though little care has been bestowed upon the more subtle felicities of style. The sim-

ple and vigorous diction of the English Bible, the study of which Coleridge said was sufficient to keep any one's style from becoming vulgar, would have been the best model for the translator of Confucius, and would have given weight and dignity to the treasured sentences of the Sage. As it is, verbal anachronisms and impertinences often mar our enjoyment of the text, and it is not easy to trace the author's drift in the proverbially obscure 'Doctrine of the Mean.' But in spite of these blemishes, the ordinary reader who takes average pains to compare the renderings in the text with the versions in the notes, will find himself rarely at a loss to understand the scope and spirit of his author.

Dr. Legge has, however, a fault which is not the less vexatious because it is unusual. He is possessed with a passion the very converse of that which usually besets biographers. The more closely he examines his hero the less he likes him. Familiarity appears almost to have bred contempt. The intimacy which has lasted for twenty-one years ends in coldness. The Doctor is displeased with the peculiarities of his character. The sight of the Sage in his carriage is an abomination. Punctilious etiquette he cannot away with, and the chapter on his influence and opinions concludes in a strain of abrupt unfriendliness which seems to us unjustifiable. 'But I must now leave the Sage,' he writes. 'I hope I have not done him injustice; but after long study of his character and opinions, I am unable to regard him as a great man. He was not before his age, though he was above the mass of the officers and scholars of his time. He threw no light on any of the questions which have a world-wide interest. He gave no impulse to religion. He had no sympathy with progress. His influence has been wonderful; but it will henceforth wane. My opinion is, that the faith of the nation in him will speedily and extensively pass away.' This passage recalls the saying of Northcote, who, when an ignorant admirer was extolling Raffaele to the skies, exclaimed, 'If there was nothing in Raffaele but what *you* can see in him, we should not have been talking of him to-day.' But it would be unfair to apply this story to Dr. Legge, for elsewhere he shows himself able

* 1. *The Chinese Classics; with a Translation, Critical and Exegetical Notes, Prolegomena, and copious Indexes.* By JAMES LEGGE, D. D., of the London Missionary Society. Hong Kong: 1861.

2. *The Middle Kingdom.* By S. WELLS WILLIAMS. 4th edition. 1861.

3. *Notes on Chinese Literature.* By A. WYLIE. Shanghai: 1867.

to see many of the excellences of Confucius, and indicates his appreciation by eulogiums as discerning as they are numerous. But he will not let his admiration have free course. He deems it a duty, we think most unnecessarily, to be always 'weighing Confucius in the balance of the sanctuary.' The sayings of the Chinese Sage are perpetually thrown into disadvantageous comparison with the lessons of the Founder of Christianity, and his shortcomings and deficiencies are exhibited with merciless minuteness. This is hardly fair, and the injustice is doubled by another inconsistency. Dr. Legge begins by arraigning Confucius for failing to coincide with a teacher who lived five hundred years after he was buried, and who had divine opportunities for acquiring light to which he never pretended; but when it unfortunately happens that on one or two important doctrines several very plausible points of agreement between Christ and Confucius may be alleged, he will not endure it for a moment. Words are to lose their wonted sense, and a resemblance as clear as the sun in heaven is to be pronounced a divergence as wide as the poles, rather than that a single anticipation of Christianity shall be found in Confucius. It is needless to point out the injustice of this treatment. To revile a writer for not coinciding with another in general, and when you find a casual agreement to alter his obvious meaning in order to deprive him of the chance of being right, seems unkind treatment even from an adversary, but from a biographer it is sheer inhumanity.

This is, in our judgment, the head and front of the Doctor's offending. On many grounds he deserves the gratitude of his countrymen. We thank him cordially for the mass of material he has collected, and we wish him health and strength for the completion of his gigantic task. For the present, however, instead of a critical analysis of the writings of Confucius, we shall be content to indicate, briefly, the names and character of the works which he compiled. Our special object is to present the reader with a general sketch of his life, and a glance at some of the more salient features of his philosophy.

The sixth century before Christ was a

period rendered illustrious by the birth of an extraordinary number of great men. The East and the West in this remarkable era vied with each other in producing sages destined to exercise a vast influence on human thought. Within the space of a hundred years Greece saw Xenophanes and Pythagoras; Persia, Zoroaster; India, Sakyamouni; China, Confucius. We shall endeavour, in the following pages, to make the English reader better acquainted with the life and teachings of the last of these philosophers, and, without attempting a continuous parallel or exaggerated contrast, to throw such side-lights upon his portrait as the lives of his great contemporaries may supply.

At the period when Confucius was born, the political state of China resembled that of Japan at the present time. The reigning dynasty was that of Chow, which continued to exercise a nominal sway for nearly nine hundred years, but many of its princes were weak, dissolute, or insignificant, and the more vigorous of them had great difficulty in preserving their authority from the encroachments of the feudal princes. The nobles gave limited allegiance to their suzerain, and engaged in repeated wars with each other. Intricate intrigues, violated truces, savage massacres, are dimly discerned through the mists of centuries; but if, in the judgment of David Hume, the history of our own Saxon princes is only 'the scuffling of kites and crows,' it is clear that the quarrels of rival chieftlets, who bore names that scarce twenty living Europeans can pronounce correctly, and who were nearly all cut to pieces fifty years before the Battle of Marathon, must be utterly destitute of interest to the readers of the present generation. Yet it is necessary to indicate the political conditions of the country at this epoch, as they materially affected the early career of the Sage, gave emphasis and point to some of his most characteristic sayings, and contributed to throw that gloom over his latter years which, had his lot been cast in less evil days, might never have fallen on them. His birthplace and parentage were alike distinguished. The fertile region which, under its present name of Shantung, has been celebrated as the last stronghold of the Nienfei

Rebellion, was renowned even in those early days for the fierceness with which rival clans fought in its mountain passes, and carried or defended with sword and spear the breaches of its many populous and well-fortified cities. In that land of military achievements, the gallantry of a warrior named Heih at the siege of a place called Peig-yang, was specially conspicuous. It was recounted in tent and cottage with a pride similar to that with which Jewish minstrels recalled the valour of David, and Roman matrons the heroism of Horatius. Indeed, the bravery of the Chinese champion compares favourably with that of Israelite or Latin. Heih's friends, it appears, had made their way into the city by a gateway left purposely open. No sooner had they passed the portal than the portcullis was dropped. The hero caught the massive structure with both hands, raised it by dint of main strength, and, standing exposed with his breast to the enemy, held the heavy beams up until the last of his companions had passed out in safety. This act of prowess made Heih the wonder of his day; but his name would have been forgotten centuries ago, had it not been for his illustrious son, for from the second marriage of the hero of Peih-yang was born Confucius.

Legends not dissimilar to those which gather around the cradle of Zoroaster are woven around that of our hero. Magic dreams announced the future greatness of both. A fabulous animal, 'having one horn and the scales of a dragon,' appeared to Ching-tsae, the wife of Heih, in a vision, and cast forth from its mouth a jewel with this inscription — 'The son of the essence of water shall succeed to the withering Chow, and be a throneless king.'* Tradition asserts that the child was bathed immediately after his birth in a stream which bubbled up miraculously from the floor of the cave in which his mother brought him forth, and *thus* (and not from the trans-

parent purity of his character) a fanciful claim was given to the appellation, 'Son of the essence of water.' The dignified title of 'the throneless king' is the earliest declaration of the royalty of intellect, an idea which has appeared in subsequent ages in languages of which Confucius never dreamed.

The authentic records of his childhood are scanty and unsatisfactory. His father died when he was three years old. Where he was educated is uncertain. A gravity similar to that which characterized the youth of Mahomet is said to have distinguished him. One peculiarity of his early years is recorded. We read that as a boy 'he used to play at the arrangement of sacrificial vessels and at postures of ceremony: practices which remind one of the boy Athanasius imitating the Sacrament of Baptism in his play on the sand at Alexandria, and of the young Goethe making his father's red-lacked music-stand into an altar.

At nineteen Confucius married. He had one son, whom he does not seem to have treated with special kindness, and, there is reason to believe that he was divorced from his wife. He apparently held at this time the government appointment of keeper of grain-stores; but how long his tenure of this office lasted is not known to us. At twenty-two—eight years before he had brought his system to anything like completeness—he began to take pupils. He did not pretend to any originality in his lessons, but simply professed to teach the doctrines of former days. 'I am not one,' he said, 'who was born in possession of knowledge. I am one who is fond of Antiquity, and earnest in seeking it there.' On his mother's death he went to Loo, and there continued to instruct youth. He gave much attention at this period, it seems, to music. For some time his reputation had been gradually rising, but many years elapsed before he was placed in a position worthy of his ability. The state of the Empire was such as to excite the gravest anxiety in the breast of a patriot; and the consciousness that he possessed many of the qualities that would constitute a practical reformer, must have made the son of Heih eager for a wider sphere than he had hitherto enjoyed. The

* We give Dr. Legge's translation. A writer in the 'Chinese Repository,' vol. xviii. p. 341, renders the legend thus:—'Water Crystal's child succeeds decaying Chow and plainly rules.' The meaning evidently is, 'A child of perfect purity shall be born at a time when the Chow dynasty is on the decline, and shall restore it and prolong its lustre, reigning without the insignia of royalty.'

weakness of the Government was conspicuous, and the great families were perpetually struggling to increase their power. As these barons—if the term may be permitted—were ready on the slightest provocation to take up arms against the Emperor, and were unable to curb their own retainers, outbreaks were perpetually occurring. The people were cruelly burdened, and had very scanty chance of obtaining redress of their grievances. Appeals to the Emperor against the nobles were useless; for he was powerless to interpose with effective help on behalf of sufferers from the oppression of his haughty feudatories, and appeals to the nobles against the Emperor were useless, for they were always loyal in supporting measures, however tyrannical, which might afford a sanction for their own enormities. In a word, China was in a state closely resembling that of England in the reign of Henry VI., or that of Italy during the popedom of Clement VI. In such days the philosopher could do little save inculcate the maxims of uprightness and virtue, and practice the lessons of his school in the office of his department. No good results could have arisen from any attempts to force his theories unasked on the turbulent princes around him. He looked forward to the day when some enlightened ruler should hear of his fame and seek his co-operation; but until his call to go up higher, he kept altogether aloof from politics. He even quitted his native state, Loo, to avoid the disorders that civil war occasioned in it, and journeyed northward to the more peaceful state of Ts'e. On his way thither he observed a characteristic incident, and made a characteristic remark. As he was passing by the side of the Tae Mountain, he saw a woman weeping and wailing by a grave. He bent forward in his carriage, and after listening for some time sent Tsze-loo to ask the cause of her grief. 'You weep as if you had experienced sorrow upon sorrow,' said Tsze-loo. The woman replied, 'It is so. My husband's father was killed here by a tiger, and my husband also; and now my son has met the same fate.' Confucius asked her why she did not remove from the place. She replied, *There is here no oppressive government.* He turned to his disciples and said, 'My children, remember this. Oppressive government is fiercer than a tiger.' All the incidents in this story, which at first reminds one of an Arabian apologue, bear the marks of vivid truth, and belong to the China of to-day as closely as to the China of the past. The flight of the scholar from

one place to another, owing to political disturbances, is natural. In 1863 hundreds of Han-lin graduates fled from Nanking to the English settlement of Shanghai. The grassy mound or tomb enclosing the cumbrous Lintin coffin (so common in the land, often spoken of as '*one great graveyard*') and the figure of the widow, probably in the robe of sackcloth, uttering shrill and distressing cries, are every-day spectacles in Shantung and Kiangsu. The allusion to the ravages of wild beasts is no exaggeration; for in our own day tigers have been shot in the south, and the foreigner who ventures into regions desolated by the Taepings is startled by approaching the lair of the panther and the lynx. Certainly the value of a righteous government is enhanced by the extreme difficulty of finding it; and most Chinese would still brave the terrors of 'empty tigers' to escape the injustice and exactions of the mandarins.

On arriving at his destination the philosopher was well received. The Prince, or, as Dr. Legge calls him, the Duke of Ts'e, was highly pleased with Confucius. He had several conferences with him, and asked his advice on various matters. In true Eastern style he showed his appreciation by offering to assign him the town of Linkew, from the revenues of which he might derive a sufficient support; but Confucius refused the gift, and said to his disciples, 'A superior man will only receive reward for services he has done. I have given advice to the Duke, but he has not yet obeyed it, and now he would endow me with this place. Very far is he from understanding me.' This high-minded reply was doubtless reported to the Duke, and excited his wonder and admiration, for he made several attempts to induce the Sage to take office. The ministers appear to have prejudiced their master against him, however, for he soon returned to his own country. The disorders of the State and the characters of the contending princes prevented him from accepting office, and he devoted himself to literature. The ten or fifteen years subsequent to his return to Loo are the most fruitful period of his literary life.

At length, however, the direction of affairs passed into the hands of statesmen in whom he had confidence, and Confucius, at the age of fifty, accepted office. He was made chief magistrate of the town of Chung-too, subsequently assistant superintendent of works, and finally minister of crime. In this capacity he appears as one of the pioneers of law and civilization. He conceived the first rough idea of trial by

jury. He punished with rigour the traders who gave false weight. He reformed the morals of the country by severe enactments against the unchaste. He curtailed the influence of the great families, and dismantled the cities which formed the seats of their power. He opposed baronial aggressions with the energy of Rienzi, and repressed brigandage and lawlessness with the persistency of Sixtus V. Yet, while these radical reforms were being carried on, his mind was not less devoted to the arrangement of Court etiquette, to settling the forms to be observed at feasts, and directing the proprieties of funeral processions. While adjusting the relations of classes, and reforming the jurisprudence of a great empire, he appeared absorbed in considering whether inside coffins should be four or five inches thick, and whether trees should or should not be planted around tombs. It is this union of the very small with the very great which makes Confucius so profound an enigma to Western inquirers. We cannot imagine an actor capable of performing Hamlet insisting on playing Polonius and the Gravedigger on the same night. Yet perhaps we have been prone to overrate less practical men, and to depreciate one whose claims on our respect as a statesman and reformer are very considerable.

Perhaps at the very same time, certainly in the very same century, that Confucius was establishing a reign of equity and righteousness at Loo, Pythagoras was making experiments in statesmanship at Crotona. The industry of scholars has been taxed to the uttermost to discover the root ideas which guided the action of the ambitious and splendid theorist who first claimed the name of Philosopher. It may be safely asserted that where one student has attempted to interpret the policy of the Chinese, two hundred have devoted laborious hours to elucidate the guiding principles of the Samian. Yet, if we judge by results, the relative importance of the two efforts cannot be for an instant compared. The attempt to convert the aristocracy of birth into an aristocracy of intellect, and to make the governing body a brotherhood which should claim respect alike from high descent and mental acquirements, failed egregiously within the century that had given it birth. To quote Lord Lytton, 'The political designs of his gorgeous and august philosophy, only for a while successful, left behind them but the nummeries of an impotent freemasonry, and the enthusiastic ceremonies of half-witted ascetics;' but the less ambitious system of Confucius has endured for two thousand years, has ruled the conduct

of hundreds of millions of human beings, and has votaries in Asia, America, and Australia.

The fame of the Sage, however, raised him enemies and detractors. His wise administration was elevating Loo to a dangerous pre-eminence over the rival states. The Prince of Ts'e, his former patron, thought that the duchy or kingdom, which was rapidly becoming the resort of all the learned and high-principled men in the Empire, would become a dangerous neighbour. He resolved to alienate the sovereign from the Sage, and in order to effect his purpose, he resorted to an artifice which strikingly reminds one of the policy of Balaam towards the children of Israel. Eighty beautiful women, skilled in all the accomplishments of courtesans, were sent as a present to Loo. The Prince could not resist the seductions of their society, and abandoned himself to sensuality. The disappointment was very bitter, but the loyal counsellor did not immediately despair. Matters grew worse, however, rather than better. The rites of religion were neglected, and at the great spring-sacrifice an affront, apparently intentional, was put on the minister. This was a hint which could not be mistaken. 'Confucius regretfully took his departure, going away slowly and by easy stages. He would have welcomed a messenger of recall. The Duke, however, continued in his abandonment, and the Sage went forth to thirteen weary years of homeless wandering.' His travels from one court to another are not specially interesting. He endeavoured to find a sovereign who would rule in accordance with his views, but he sought in vain. Many princes offered him places and pensions, on condition of his taking office; but he seems to have dreaded another disappointment, and to have feared to connect himself with any court where compromises of principle would be required. Honourable poverty seemed preferable to a rank which brought moral degradation. In his own words, 'With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow, I have still joy in the midst of these things. Riches and honours acquired by unrighteousness are to me as a floating cloud.'

We cannot follow him through the successive acts of his drama of exile. One incident, characteristic of the East, and quite of a piece with the transaction at Loo, is recorded on good authority. At Wei, he was compelled to meet the profligate Nan-Tsze, the Jezebel, or Clytemnestra, of China, who was married to the reigning Prince. 'She sought,' we are told, 'an interview with the Sage, which he was obliged unwill-

lingly to accord.' No doubt he was innocent of thought or act of evil, but it gave great dissatisfaction to his pupil, Tsze-Loo, that his master should have been in company with such a woman, and Confucius, to assure him, swore an oath, saying, 'Wherein I have done improperly, may heaven reject me! may heaven reject me!' He could not well abide, however, at such a court. One day the Prince rode through the streets of his capital in the same carriage with Nan-Tsze, and made Confucius follow them in another. Perhaps he intended to honour the philosopher, but the people saw the incongruity, and cried out, 'Last in the front, Virtue behind!' Confucius was ashamed, and said, 'I have not seen one who loves virtue as he loves beauty.' Wei was no place for him, and he left it. He then moved from city to city, unable to find in the rulers of the various states any princes who were disposed to be guided by his maxims. He had refused all offers of money. He held no place, and received no stated income; so in the course of his wanderings he was often in the deepest poverty. He worked assiduously at the revision and arrangement of the ancient Books. The precious literary remains of the Yu dynasty, especially the Shoo-king, or 'Book of History,' employed a large share of his attention. There are, possibly, traces of his hand in the Lee-kee, or 'Book of Rites.' The 'Book of Odes,' 311 ballads, which occupy in Chinese literature the venerable place which the Homeric poems maintain in that of Hellas, were selected and arranged under his superintendence. To the Yih-king, or 'Book of Changes,' he devoted himself with enthusiastic ardour, and to the last he found it the rich quarry which it was always profitable to explore. 'If some years were added to my life,' he said, 'I would give fifty to the study of the Yih, and then I might come to be without great faults.' There is of course considerable difficulty in discovering what portions of these works come from the hand of the Sage. He was probably a conscientious restorer and collator of original texts. He may have added connecting links to the arguments of the ancients, and illustrated their obsolete expressions with annotations, but he is the entire author of only one of the great classics, viz., The Chun-Ts'eu, or Spring and Autumn Annals, a history of his native state of Loo. Without his labours, the older works would probably have been lost, but he is their editor, not their author. The historical volume which he added (and which, strangely enough, gives China a Pentateuch) ranks with the

four other Books in the estimation of posterity, but the modest Sage would probably have deemed his work too highly honoured by being placed in company so august. The completion of this book occupied the last years of his life. Only once again did he take a prominent part in politics, and the reception he met with was his crowning disappointment. The Prince of Ts'e was murdered by one of his officers. The event was so startling, and the circumstances so atrocious, that the Sage implored his own sovereign to avenge the outrage. The Prince of Loo declined to interfere with his neighbour's quarrels, and pleaded the weakness of his own resources. The treason of the Chinese Zimri seemed, however, to Confucius so dark, and the probable effects of his impunity so mischievous, that he urged his plea for vengeance in other quarters. But the policy of non-intervention was in favour everywhere, and the appeal met with no response. Tsze-Loo, his favourite pupil, died about this time. The news of this loss broke the little spirit that the Sage had left. Years and trouble were bowing him to the dust. 'Early one morning,' we are told, he got up, and with his hands behind his back, dragging his staff he moved about by his door, crooning over—

'The great mountain must crumble;
The strong beam must break,
And the wise man wither away like a plant.'

With these words he lay down on his bed. He never left it again. His favorite pupil Tsze-Kung watched and tended him, but his sedulous affection could not prolong his master's life. A week after he had been taken to his bed he died, having just completed his seventy-third year. He was buried about a mile to the north of Kio-fou-hien, 'his own city,' where a superb temple with marble columns and porcelain roof commemorates his fame. His tomb is a grassy mound overgrown with trees and shrubs, approached by long avenues of cypress, and guarded by colossal figures of sages holding bamboo scrolls. Successive emperors have added tablets, and offered sacrifices at the sacred spot, and the fiercest of the rebel leaders, when asked if he purposed violence to the shrine, repudiated as the grossest insult the idea that he could desecrate the place where rests the spirit of 'the teacher of ten thousand ages,' 'the most holy presient sage Confucius.'

The splendid honours which have been accumulated upon Confucius since his death must not disguise from us the sombre sadness of his final parting. The difference between the Chinese and the Hindoo can-

not be more vividly exemplified than by a contrast between the death of Confucius and that of Sakyamouni. The tremulous sensibility with which the venerable Siddhartha takes leave of his cousin Amanda, of the innumerable company of holy scholars of the city of Rājagriha, and the diamond throne, and then crossing the Ganges seeks a vast forest, and there enters into Nirvana, can never be forgotten. The scene is instinct with rapture and elevation. Wearily and heavily, with a jaded sense of baffled endeavour, the father of Chinese philosophy lays him down to die, looking earthwards to the last, until the Supreme Mystery shuts even earth from his view.

The devotion of his pupils — a devotion in comparison with which the observation of Johnson by Boswell was negligent inattention — enables us to form an accurate idea of the characteristics and habits of Confucius. We know what he wore in summer and what he wore in winter, we know the attitude he assumed when he mounted a step and when he passed through a gateway, we know what he ate and what he drank, we know when he spoke and when he was silent, we know how he stepped into a carriage and with what a countenance he received a present. We know the position he assumed at sacrifice, at the court, in the temple, in the village, when he lay down at night. The vigilance with which he was watched is only paralleled by that indelicate scrutiny with which, if we may believe the Talmud, the pupils of the Jewish Rabbis pursued or rather persecuted their masters. The reader of Plato and of Xenophon fancies that he carries away with him a tolerably accurate idea of Socrates, but the pictures of the son of Sophroniscus which are drawn in the Dialogues and the Memorabilia, stand in the same relation to the portrait of Confucius, which is found in the tenth book of the *Analects*, as that of a black silhouette to a daguerreotype by Claudet. The wakeful eye of his favourites, Hwuy, Tsze-keen, Tsze-kung, and a score of others, noted the most minute peculiarities of their master, and their faithful pens have duly recorded them. The Western reader will be inclined to smile at the precision with which trivial acts are noted, and casual positions observed; but he will be more inclined to marvel than to mock when he learns that the motions of the body, the changes of the dress, the expressions of the face that were observed with admiration at the court of Chow, are still visible in every mandarin's yamun from Manchuria to the Bay of Yulin. In every country but China the word fashion is the synonym for change,

but Confucius fettered this Proteus and arrested this revolving wheel. The genuflections, the bows, and the facial movements he first practised have been repeated by the scholars and magistrates of the Middle Kingdom for seventy generations. Bearing this in mind, the reader may look with interest on particulars he would otherwise regard as trivial. Considering the prodigious multitude of copies, he may not think it a waste of time to glance at the original.

Could we join the group of scholars who formed the glory of the court of Loo, we should see in the centre of the circle 'a strong well-built man with a full red face a little heavy.' His dress, which has not a speck of red about it, consists of silk and furs. If he wears lamb's fur his garment is black, if fawn's fur white, if fox's fur yellow. His right sleeve is shorter than his left. He eats moderately and in silence, always apportioning the quantity of rice to the quantity of meat, and never sitting down without ginger on the table. He offers a portion of his food in sacrifice with a grave and reverent air. He will not sit down if the mat or cushion is not placed straight. When summoned to an audience with the King, he ascends the dais holding up his robe with both his hands and his body bent; he holds his breath as if he dare not breathe. When he is carrying the sceptre of his prince he seems to bend his body as if he is not able to bear its weight. He does not hold the sceptre higher than the position of the hands in making a bow, nor lower than their position in giving anything to another. His countenance seems to change and look apprehensive, and he drags his feet as if they are held by something to the ground. When he comes out from the audience, as soon as he has descended one step he begins to relax his countenance and has a satisfied look.

Dismissed from attendance on greatness, he is unrestrained and behaves with simple and genial frankness. Then it is that he is seen at his best. The pupils walk with him and ask questions on all conceivable subjects. Now on literature, on music, on costume, now on the trivialities of court etiquette, now on policy, war, taxation, statesmanship. When he speaks he seldom says anything on his own authority. The reference to the ancient kings are frequent, the citations of other men's practice numerous, the quotations from the poets apt. His manner is adapted to all classes, and to all characters. A cheerful bright-looking student is sure of a gracious smile; an unmannerly or disrespectful listener receives a caustic rebuke, sometimes even a blow from a bamboo administered with the sharpness of Pe-

ter the Czar or Frederick of Prussia; when a junior of superior rank passes he rises and bows reverently, but he does the same when he sees a mourner or a blind mendicant, for sorrow and suffering are majestic sights to him; when a pupil is sick he nurses him with sedulous care; when the names of those who have promised well and have died young, are mentioned, his tears flow unrestrainedly.

It is impossible to read his reported conversations, and to note the traits of character his remarks exhibit, without conceiving a warm interest in him. We see without difficulty the secret of his influence with the young. It grew out of his wide sympathy with the difficulties and aspirations of the student. Any one who wished to learn was sure of his help. Those who began with energy but waxed lazy or conceited he stimulated with his sarcasm. With the painstaking and humble truth-seeker he was tolerant and patient. It must be admitted that the favourable points in the man are not at once apparent. When we read his precepts for the first time he seems the most rigid of formalists. The terms he uses appear to be stiff and unelastic, the connexion of the different parts of his system loose and vague, its requirements tedious, irritating and puerile. Yet when we look deeper into the matter, and familiarize ourselves with the idiosyncrasies of the various pupils who grouped themselves round the philosopher, we learn to regard him in a more favourable light. At first we are inclined to fancy that the life of the 'throneless king' had the same fault as that of crowned and sceptred monarchs, and we ask what is there, after all, in this boasted system,

'Save ceremony, save general ceremony?'

But a close study shows us the superficial character of our first impression. We never perhaps learn to be quite reconciled to the constant intrusion of precepts of etiquette. The Sage sometimes reminds us painfully of the Schoolmistress in Douglas Jerrold's play, who taught 'true humility and how to step into a carriage;' but the qualities of the man were sterling after all. His earnest love of knowledge, his respect for the great and good, his contempt for the trappings of wealth basely won, his sympathy with virtuous poverty—these are features that present themselves with honourable prominence, and in their lofty presence his minor blemishes are scarcely perceptible.

To exhibit the purity and dignity of his views in their brightest light, we may group together some of the chief qualities which combine to make the Sage's ideal—the

Superior Man, the *terpánuos ánp* of Chinese philosophy. He is to be careless of popular applause, to feel no discomposure though men may take no note of him. 'He is to be correctly firm, and not firm merely.' 'He is to be catholic, and no partisan.' He is to think of virtue, not of comfort; of the sanctions of Law, not of gratifications.' 'He has neither anxiety nor fear.' In his conduct of himself he is humble, in serving his superiors he is respectful, in nourishing the people he is kind, in ordering the people he is just.'

Surely we shall not find any type of character superior to this one among the sons of men. Here there is nothing paltry, nothing local, nothing mean; the qualities recommended by Confucius have been regarded as noble by the wisest and best men of all ages, and they will continue to hold their place as long as human nature is constituted as it is. And, indeed, when we hear the charges of formalism so often urged by English writers against the Sage of China, we are sorely tempted to ask the Western accuser to look at home. An age whose religionists have come to regard an elaborate ritualism as the most significant and lofty form of worship, need not surely be very harsh on the far less exaggerated ritual which seemed needful to the simple philosopher, who first taught that the proper study of mankind was man, and that his highest duty was to do to others as he would that others should do unto him. Rituals may change, dogmas may cease, knowledge may increase, but the great ethical masters of mankind have this glorious prerogative, that their teaching is in the main identical and unchanging, through all the variations of time and of the world.

Perhaps, however, the most noteworthy point in the Confucian doctrine is the constant reference to the ancients. Many great teachers have based their lessons on the opinions they found already holding sway. They have gone from the known to the unknown. In fact, the favourite attitude of almost every great innovator has been in a certain sense that of the completer. Reformers of course always promise to separate the chaff of ancient system from their wheat, but they usually acknowledge the excellence of something in the past. They come, speaking reverently, not to destroy but to fulfil. The Sage of China differs from his rivals. He was, to use his own words, a transmitter and not a maker. He came not to complete, not to fulfil, but to *restore*. There is, according to his scheme, no possibility of progress. All we can hope to do is to attain once

more to the lofty standard of our ancestors. In time by obedience and dutifulness, the attainments of the ancient kings may be equalled. To surpass Yaou and Shun is hopeless. This idea runs through the *Analekts*, and indeed the names of the two potentates seem sometimes introduced to relieve the solemn master from perplexities. Panegyrics on these worthies in every possible connexion present themselves to the reader. Every circumstance of their lives, and their behaviour under every variety of circumstances, deserve encomiums. They were to be admired for the means whereby they acquired power and the dignity with which they wielded it. 'The Master said, "How majestic was the manner in which Shun and Yaou held possession of the Empire as if it were nothing to them. Their intellectual and moral gifts were as distinguished as their public spirit. The superior man cultivates himself to give rest to all the people. Even Yaou and Shun were still solicitous about this." Once a questioner approached him with the suggestive inquiry whether the highest praise would be deserved by one who laboured all his life through to confer practical benefits on a people. Confucius is apprehensive that he may be entrapped into an admission that a higher type of character was attainable than that of his favourite heroes, so he at once rules that practical qualities must be combined with devotion to study: in Lord Bacon's words, 'the contemplative ends' must be regarded as well as 'the civil ends,' for so it was with the patterns for all the ages. 'Tsze-kung said, "Suppose the case of a man extensively conferring benefits on the people and able to assist all, what would you say of him? Might he be called perfectly virtuous?" The Master said, "Why speak only of virtue in connexion with him? Must he not have the qualities of a sage? Even Yaou and Shun were still solicitous about this." To crown all, when extolling the supreme wisdom which marked the dominion of the first of these two sovereigns, he rises into a hyperbole extravagant even for an Oriental: earth contains no fitting symbol of his hero's greatness: 'The Master said, "Great indeed was Yaou as a monarch! How majestic was he! It is only heaven that is grand and only Yaou corresponded to it. How vast was his virtue! The people could find no name for it. How majestic was he in the works which he accomplished. How glorious in the elegant regulations which he instituted." It is easy to see how this habit of idealizing and exalting the past has influenced the Chinese

mind. The sayings we have quoted are regarded with a degree of respect that is inconceivable in the West. They have closely intertwined themselves in men's minds with their opinions on all subjects secular and sacred. They are the lamps by whose light every enactment, every proposal, every question is viewed. Instead of diminishing in power they seem to gather strength by the progress of centuries. The objections urged to-day against reform by the Mandarins of the great Yamuns at Peking do not result from any inherent inability on the part of the objectors to discern the advantages of the proposed changes. They result from the deep-rooted impression produced by the Sage's habitual attitude of retrospection. The officials and graduates do not deny the excellence of foreign customs, but if they are ever led to adopt them, they will previously lay the flattering unction to their souls, that their illustrious ancestors unquestionably possessed them in their golden age. Change in the Middle Kingdom is never an advance, it is a return. It is laid down as an axiomatic truth that there never can be a future age superior in learning, piety, and prosperity to the past. This was the first principle of Confucius, and happily it has been seldom borrowed by other system-makers. Many nations, it is true, have pleased themselves with looking back on a primal era of purity, righteousness, and peace; but they have invariably hoped to attain after rolling ages to a yet more glorious inheritance. The Greeks acknowledged that the reign of Saturn was over, but hope pointed to the day when the father of Jupiter should resume his reign. The Chinese philosophers have no Elysium. The Book of Confucius is a Bible with a Paradise Lost, but no apocalyptic vision of a Paradise to be Regained!

The question, however, yet remains, What were the distinctive features of the system of Confucius? His latest translator and biographer has stigmatized him as 'unreligious and unspiritual.' It is possible that as our readers proceed they will see cause to regard these accusations as too sweeping and severe. Doubtless there is much to desiderate in his system, and its most grievous shortcomings are in the direction Dr. Legge points out by these two adjectives. But the chief features may be best understood if we seek to summarize what is known of his teachings:—1. On the character of God; 2. On the filial relations; 3. On death; 4. On the supernatural.

I. Let us see the sum and substance of

his precepts on the being and attributes of God.

Dr. Legge assures us that with all his vast and profound reverence for antiquity, he fell short of the high standard of the ancients in his doctrine on this important matter.* 'The name of God,' we are told, 'is common in the She-king and Shoo-king. Te or Shang-te appears there as a personal being, ruling in heaven and on earth, the author of man's moral nature; the governor among the nations, by whom kings reign and princes decree justice; the rewarder of good, and the punisher of bad.' Confucius preferred to speak of Heaven. 'He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray,' he says; and again, 'My studies lie low and my penetration rises high: but there is Heaven that knows me. Admitting that he preferred one term to the other, we shall not immediately arrive at the conclusion that the Sage was an atheist; indeed, as we shall see, a certain Greek, living in the same century as Confucius, to whom we have only hitherto made a cursory allusion, obtained the title of a deist for using language precisely coinciding with that of Confucius. Xenophanes of Colophon, who resembled the Chinese in the many disappointments of his life, and perhaps in the dark melancholy of its close, agreed with him in proclaiming his conviction that heaven, in its splendour and vastness, was indeed and in truth Divinity itself. In the vivid language of Mr. Lewes, 'Overarching him was the deep blue infinite vault immovable, unchangeable, embracing him and all things; that he proclaimed to be God.†' Now, if Xenophanes was an atheist, it may be said that Confucius was an atheist also; but if, as Aristotle says, the founder of the Eleatics, 'casting his eyes upward at the immensity of heaven, declared that the one is God,' then we must regard the accusation against the Chinese as a statement calculated to mislead.

We shall indeed look in vain in the Analects for reference to a personal God akin to those declarations which pervade the Hebrew Scriptures. The Semitic men and the Semitic books dealt in bold and rugged figures of speech. Their God is a deity with a right hand and a stretched-out arm, a heart that is jealous of his favourites, and a breath that blasts his foes. Intelligent orthodoxy, believing in a God without a body, parts, or passions, regards these expressions as strong metaphors. That these expressions presented to the prophets and

psalmists, who first used them, any save spiritual ideas cannot be conceived; but that they always preserved their spiritual significance to the minds of degenerate Jews lusting after idols, or to mediæval Christians whose best instructors were illuminated manuscripts and miracle plays, few writers would be hardy enough to assert. The body of the Chinese people in the fifth century before Christ were as carnal-minded as the Jews in the reign of Ahaz, and as ignorant as the Christians of the Middle Ages. Such persons would inevitably have reduced any phrases capable of misinterpretation to tally with the conceptions of a mean anthropomorphism. Confucius seems to have had a nervous horror of language on which a gross or material construction could be placed; leaning towards a practical materialism in his philosophy, he shrank from materialism in religion. Idolatry, as we understand the word, he hated and despised, and therefore we are disposed to think that his use of the term 'Heaven' arose from a dread of the abuses his employment of any other term might entail. He was quite sagacious enough to see that the people he taught were only too likely to misrepresent his teachings. Save that, as we shall see, he neglected to provide for one want of his countrymen, he was a perfect master of their character. He knew how far they might be trusted, and at what point reserve was wise. When we remember his absolute respect for antiquity, we may be certain some very cogent reason must have induced him to deviate from its customs. That Yaou and Shun had spoken of Te and Shang-Te with reverence was a strong reason to induce one to suppose that he would be found to speak of them with adoration. He does nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he studiously 'omits the personal name.' This deviation from his usual practice must have been prompted by a strong reason. That reason we cannot imagine to have been cold unbelief.

The Chinese Sage, we are assured, yields to no uninspired writer in the dignity and spirituality of his conception of an Eternal Power reigning over all and comprehending all, but he knew the fatal proclivities of the people for whom he toiled, to form low and degrading conceptions of Deity, and to make their 'gods many and lords many.' He had read in the records of the past how the Shang dynasty began with an emperor (Ching-tang),* who established the worship of Shang-te, the Supreme Ruler, and ended

* Legge's 'Chinese Classics,' vol. I. p. 99.

† Lewes's 'History of Philosophy,' vol. I. p. 44.

* Middle Kingdom, vol. II. p. 209.

with a monster of impiety and folly (Wu-yih), who 'made images of clay in the shape of human beings, dignified them with the names of gods, and triumphed when he vanquished his senseless antagonists at draughts or dice.' Anything seemed better to him than such a moral and mental catastrophe as this. He was resolved to avoid any possibility of such a pitiful and shameful conclusion to his work, and abstained from any allusion to the attributes of Deity which materialism could mistake or distort.

Another cause might have co-operated with the one just mentioned to suggest to Confucius reserve on this all-important theme. It must never be forgotten that he was not the only great law-maker of his age and country. Laoutsze, or Lao-kiu, the founder of the influential and multitudinous sect of Taoists, or Rationalists, was known to Confucius, and his interviews with this great rival unquestionably coloured his teaching. They met, heard each other, and asked each other questions. Laoutsze was the elder of the two, and had completed his system and secured his fame when Confucius was learning and seeking after truth. There is no record of the dialogues which took place between the sages. We may conjecture, however, that conversations commenced in mutual distrust, terminated in a conviction of irreconcilable antipathy. They had nothing in common. Laoutsze was a sour ascetic, who affected solitude, exercised himself with penances, and despised practical life. Confucius mixed everywhere and always with his fellow-men, was temperate but never austere, and regarded the smallest topic of human interest as worthy of his attention and observation. The interviews between Laoutsze and Confucius ended probably in the corroboration of both in their previous opinions. They had no common standing-point. No platform that Chinese joiners could fashion was broad enough to hold those two. 'The Sage,' says Laoutsze (we quote M. G. Panthier), 'loves obscurity. He does not desire public employment, he rather avoids it. He will not convey his thoughts to all comers, but attends to time and place, and prefers that his instructions should be known after his death, rather than during his life. In auspicious days he speaks, in times of calamity he is silent. He knows that if he exposes his treasures they may be stolen from him, and will not tell everybody where they are to be found. A virtuous man does not parade his virtue; a wise man does not proclaim his wisdom. I have no more to say; make what account you

please of what I have said.' It is clear that there is nothing here Confucius could tolerate. He would desire, then, to keep as far away as possible from his rival. He would dread any chance that should lead to a confusion of his teachings with those of the Taoist ascetic. The Deity he worshipped was certainly not the Deity who bade men gash their bodeis with knives and leap into bickering flames. Shang-te, said Laoutsze's followers, bade men do these things; therefore Shang-te's name should never pass the lips of Confucius coupled with any expression of reverence. He would not even allow the piety of Ching-tang to recommend this title; it had been abused by a foolish tyrant centuries ago; it was being abused by a self-torturing hermit in his own time, and so he would avoid all possible risks, and content himself with pointing upwards to the infinite fathomless aether. He dared not venture to speak of the Personal Being, he bowed to the all-comprehending Heaven.

II. The view which Confucius took of the filial relations is perhaps the legitimate result of his failure to realize a personal God. His doctrine grew out of two propositions, which were axiomatic truths to his mind. First, the empire of China was 'all under heaven' the only portion of the universe worthy of care. Secondly, Heaven in its calm majesty could not condescend to superintend the concerns even of the most favoured of nations. Hence arose a difficulty, for he could not conceive the Middle Kingdom, the greatest family in the world, being less fortunate than the household of the peasant, which had the boon of a parent's superintendence. It was necessary, then, for some person to be found sufficiently dignified and sufficiently powerful to take this supreme charge. The Sage could not find such an one in the heaven above, so he sought him in the earth beneath. Royalty was a cold abstraction, but, endearing by the epithets of filial affection, and invested with the tender responsibilities of fatherhood, it at once enlisted the love of the people. The nation's sovereign and the nation's father were one, and the Emperor only differed from the head of a house in that the circle of which he was the centre was larger than any other circle. The vast circumference of imperial sway contained a million minor circumferences. Thus the reverence of the son to the sire is a tribute paid to the great Father of all the families of the realm, for the head of each household is a type of the head of all the households. In this reverence there was to be no formality, no coldness, no unreality. The

Founder of Christianity Himself, when he rebukes the Pharisees for the evasions of the corban, is not stronger than Confucius in insisting on heart-whole and loving piety. 'Tsze-Yew asked what filial piety was. The Master said, "The filial piety of now-a-days means the support of one's parents. But dogs and horses likewise are able to do something in the way of support: without reverence, what is there to distinguish the one support given from the other?"'

Very beautiful are some of the precepts which the Master addresses to his disciples on this matter. Minute they are, of course, as we might expect, but yet by their affectionate particularity exhibiting the deep and devout interest with which the Sage regarded the duty. To take instances: — 'The Master said, "While his parents are alive, the son may not go abroad to a distance. If he does go abroad, he must have a fixed place to which he goes." "If the son for three years does not alter from the way of his father, he may be called filial." "The years of parents may by no means not be kept in memory, as an occasion at once for joy and for fear." There is much to admire in these rules, and much to praise in the simple plan of binding a state together by those links which are found to unite most firmly its component parts. There is far-reaching wisdom in the sentence which stands almost in the front of the Analects: — 'The philosopher Yew said, "They are few who being filial and fraternal are fond of offending against their superiors. There have been none who not liking to offend against their superiors have been fond of stirring up confusion."'

Those who have amplified and expanded the Confucian doctrine have taken man the unit, and have declared his mission in the world with a clearness which puts in its proper place this much-talked-of filial piety. From the various sayings of the Sage, if carefully collated, a system of ethics may be formed not unlike the following: — Man at his best should possess a character which combines intelligence and piety — the highest type of being is a holy sage. He attains this moral and intellectual place by personal virtue, by right feeling, by correctness of purpose and intelligence of mind. Thus equipped with moral and mental qualities, his duty is to aim at social improvement by the discipline of the family. Should his circle widen, the same principles will be found helpful to uphold and improve the government of the Empire, and perhaps in the fullness of time to the reduction of the world to obedience, and the return of the days of Yaou and Shun. There is much that is ad-

mirable in these propositions, and for the sake of clearness we give them* below laid down in the tabular form so much used by Chinese scholars. A glance at this chart will show the reader that the regard to the filial relations which is popularly supposed to be the Be-all and End-all of Chinese morality, is only a consistent part of a large and comprehensive ethical system, not unworthy to take rank with those which have been framed and professed by the philosophers, the sages, and the divines of the West.

The observer of Chinese life is never allowed to forget the peculiar sanctity of the tie between child and parent; indeed the wide influence of this ordinance is one of the wonders of history. Though twenty-four dynasties have succeeded to the throne, though a change of capital and a change of costume have been forced on the black-haired nation, though Chih-hwangte ordered that every scroll containing a sentence of the Sage's writings should be burned with fire, though Kublai-Khan placed

* *Chart of the Great Study (Ta Hoo).*

Heaven having given existence to man, the doctrine of the Great Study succeeded and established Order in Society.

Restricted in its sphere it produces the perfection of individual exercise — a holy sage.

With free scope for its exercise it makes a reformer of the world — a true king.

(From the Son of Heaven down to the private man, every one must begin with personal virtue.)

His aim is *Personal Virtue*: the means to its attainment are: —

His aim is *Social Improvement*: the means to its attainment are: —

I. *Propriety of Conduct*:
Suavity and Respect;
Fidelity and Truth;
Dignity of Carriage;
Precision of Words and Actions.

I. *The Discipline of the Family*: Filial Piety; Care in Choice of Associates; Strictness in Inter-course of the Sexes; Attention to Established Rules; Instruction to Children; Caution against Partiality; Harmony with Neighbours; Regard for Frugality.

II. *Right Feeling*:
Avoiding Prejudice; restraining the Passions; cherishing Good Impulses; adhering to the Just Mean.

II. *The Government of the Empire*: Science of Government; Power of Combination; Reverence for Heaven and Ancestors; Discrimination in Choice of Agents; Love for the people; Zeal for education; Strictness in exercising the Laws.

III. *Correctness of Purpose*: Self-examination; Scrutiny of Secret Motives; Religious Reverence; Fear of Self-deception.

III. *The Pacification of the World*: Wisdom in conducting War; Righteousness in Rewards and Punishments; Liberality in admitting the Expression of Sentiment; Frugality in Expenditure; Skill in Legislation.

IV. *Intelligence of Mind*:
Rejection of Error; Comprehension of the Truth; Quickness of Moral Perception; Insight into Providence; Study of the Laws of Nature; Study of the Institutions of Man; Study of the Records of History.

The Great Study stops only at Perfection.

Tartars in every bureau, in every camp, in every college, in every prefecture, in every hamlet, with orders to obliterate all distinctive institutions of the conquered people, the sacred elevation on which Confucius placed filial piety has never been lowered. The son still rises at dawn, enters with bowed head the chamber of his father, ministers to him if he be sick, offers him his morning meal with obeisance if he be in health, and respectfully supports him when he rises for the day. The daughter still makes it her special care to wake at cock-crow, to put on her comeliest garments, and thus dressed, to repair to her mother-in-law, to inquire how she has slept, to add more coverings if it be winter, and to fan away the mosquitoes if it be summer. These are not practices recommended in books of morality, they are ordinances enforced by solemn and specific injunctions from the Board of Rites, and are obligatory alike in the *yamun* of the mandarin on whose back and breast glitters the Imperial dragon, and in the bamboo hut of the coolie who staggers under tea-boxes when the thermometer is at 90°, with a string of cash for his wages.

III. The view Confucius took of Death has influenced the national mind and the national practice far more widely than might have been imagined, for he really was more remarkable for what he did *not* say, than for what he did say on this subject. One of his disciples, Ke-Loo, asked him about death. The reply was, 'While you do not know life, what can you know about death?' This is all. It is not sufficient to say such a sentence was 'characteristic,' neither is it enough to say the philosopher who uttered it was 'unspiritual.' It marks a man utterly unlike those who have usually exercised wide influence on the minds of their fellow-creatures. The men who have directed the speculations of others to any great extent, have been men who have encouraged inquiry into the mysteries that encompass life, and have professed to bring solutions to 'the obstinate questionings' and the 'blank misgivings' of humanity. Some of the wise, it is true, have so far resembled Confucius as to confess with candour how little they knew, but the acknowledgment of ignorance has ever been made with regret. In many cases there have been indications of a persistent hope that this ignorance would in time be exchanged for knowledge. The idea that 'the rush of darkness at last' will be unrelieved by any beam of light, has seldom crossed the human mind without a deep

conviction of the cold terror of such an end. It is the peculiarity of Confucius that he viewed the great change from life to death in silence. Ignorance did not apparently dissatisfy him, and a shadowy unknown did not appal him; but he did not borrow his confidence from the hope of a blissful resurrection, or from the fatalist's grim acquiescence in the inevitable. Death was the custom of the world, and he prepared to submit to it.

But it may not unreasonably be asked, why a teacher who had no definite notions of a future life should have revered the grave so profoundly? A man who viewed 'the destruction of living powers itself' (to use Butler's language) almost with apathy, was earnest, even enthusiastic in offering every mark of respect to those whose 'living powers' were once destroyed. This would be intelligible if we found any anticipations in the Confucian system of that sentiment of affectionate regard for the human body as a sacred temple which was developed by Christianity; but we find nothing of the sort. What principle, then, induced the philosopher, who had no theories about the nature of dissolution, and no ideas about the constitution of another world, to take this strange paradoxical interest in the paraphernalia of death? The opinions of his foreign admirers, more positive and shapely than those of the Master, contain the germ of a theory which may account for this peculiarity; and this reconciling theory appears at its best in the Essay of a recent English writer, who has elaborated it in the following remarkable passage:—

'These worshippers,' meaning the disciples of Confucius, writes a modern Comtist, 'could not understand the rigid line which in more modern thought has separated the living from the dead. That the lips were mute, the limbs still, that the pulse had ceased to beat, and that there was no longer any painful murmur of the breath, were doubtless very strange and awful changes, but they were no proof that the pallid form which they had loved had ceased to live. They showed only the will of heaven that he should be restored to his own home in the lap of earth, there to rest as a new power, an object of reverent worship. They carried him to some lonely hill-summit, trees and flowers were planted, and it became a sacred and inviolable spot, where the mourner felt the presence of an unseen love, and held sweet yet close communion with those who had passed from sight. There the son came for years to mourn his father; the wife her husband; thither, when they died, their children followed them, until, when generation after generation had followed one another thus, each mourner became unawares a partaker in

the hallowing influence of the past, and passionate grief was purified and calmed at entrance into the solemn assemblage of the dead.*

These sentences embody sentences far too recondite and delicate to find a home in the breasts of a people so notoriously deficient in imagination as the Chinese. They would, we are convinced, amaze the majority of the scholars who have given days and nights to the study of the Four Books; and we are much mistaken if they would be received as a just representation of his doctrine by Confucius himself. His views are much more faithfully expressed in the well-known† letter of Ti-tan, Prefect of Lúchan, to his sister:—

‘If there be no heaven we cannot help it, and if there be no hell we cannot alter it; yet if there be the one, good men will go there, and bad men to the other. When people lose their parents, they implore the Buddhists to pray for them, which is acting as if their parents were miserably wicked, and had not lived; how can they bring such an imputation on them by acting so? or supposing they were guilty of crimes, how can these priests remove the punishment? If there really be a heaven and a hell, they were in existence when the heavens and the earth were produced. Now, as men died before ever these Buddhists came to China, did no one unluckily fall into hell before that time, and see the Ten Judges of the infernal world? It is of no use to speak of these things to the unlearned, for even the learned understand them but little.’

This writer represents his master fairly. He takes nothing from, and adds nothing to, his doctrine. That Confucius was guided by any definite or consistent theory in his elaborate respect for funeral rites, we cannot bring ourselves to believe. The men of old had said that careful attention to the obsequies of kindred tended to promote virtue in the people, therefore Confucius recommended it to his pupils. The confession of ignorance we have quoted above, and which receives additional emphasis from the fact that it was made when he had just heard of the loss of a dear friend, is as distinct as any statement can be. What the Sage meant or thought about death, theorists and system-builders may employ themselves in conjecturing. What *he said* we know, and that was, that he knew nothing about it!

IV. The views of Confucius on the Supernatural are to be collected rather from his silence than his speech. His opinions, however, are worth discussing, as we con-

ceive his doctrine on this head, if doctrine it could be called, has been very often misrepresented by loose thinkers. The influence of Confucius on China has been enormous, and the Chinese appear to a cursory observer the most superstitious people on the face of the earth. They are perpetually resorting to contrivances by which evil spirits may be evaded and good spirits propitiated. Blazing lanterns, tinsel ingots, and crimson incense paper are the indispensable articles of furniture in every house. They decorate or deface temples and palaces, banks and brothels. Observers put these two facts together and depart with the conclusion that Confucius was the patron of superstition. But it is distinctly unfair to accuse the Sage of teaching tending in the remotest degree to encourage fetish worship. The practices we have referred to have their origin in that Taoism with which, as we have seen, Confucius had no sympathy. If they have overlaid and encumbered the decorous ritual that he instituted, it is only one of many instances in which a degraded people have substituted for an intelligent faith one suited to their own low level.

Few persons would venture to charge Moses with encouraging the worship of ‘the golden calf,’ yet it would be as fair to do so as to attribute to Confucius the fantastic Keong-tuh of the Taoist. Undoubtedly, as we have said, this devil-worship is the popular creed of China. It is so because, in spite of all his merits, the Sage did not build up a sufficiently strong edifice of objective doctrine for the affections and religious instincts of the people to cling to. He left the nation without safeguards against error simply because his own serene intellect saw no temptation to go astray. Here we see his grand deficiency—namely, his inability to sympathize with the wants of minds constituted in moulds different from his own. He could not comprehend the state of feeling which makes reliance on the unseen powers the only possibility for the soul, and therefore he prescribed no remedies to save men who felt this necessity from the calamity of unworthy resorts. ‘Extraordinary things . . . and spiritual beings he did not like to talk about.’ Ke-Loo asked about serving the spirits of the dead. The Master said, ‘While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve their spirits?’ Such subjects were out of his category of profitable subjects. The result of his silence has been disastrous. It enabled his less scrupulous rival to secure thousands of votaries, and then opened the door through which Buddhism entered and

* ‘Essay on England and China,’ by J. H. Bridges, M. B. ‘International Policy.’

† Chinese Repository, vol. xviii, p. 368.

took possession. Because he would not say anything on a subject of absorbing interest, the people turned to other speakers who did not know any more about spirits than Confucius did, but who knew human nature better. Thus we account for the monstrous paradoxes which beset one on all sides in China. The great teacher whose venerable name is honoured with marks of respect the like to which are not paid to the memory of any other son of Adam, would find, if he were to visit his beloved country, the most provoking contradiction of his hopes. Every line he has written is cherished with a respect similar to that which the Jew entertains for the Pentateuch, or the Mahomedan for the Koran. His precepts are in every temple, in every justice-hall, in every school. Year by year, continually, thousands of pupils, some just arrived at man's estate and others tottering with age, assemble in the vast Examination Halls, to have their knowledge of the Analects and the Great Learning tested by imperial Commissioners. These proofs of a nation's honour might well gratify his patriotic pride; but if he desired to preserve his complacency, he would do well to abstain from a closer look at the aspect of affairs, for in the shrine and the yamun, alongside of emblazoned quotations from his books declaring the simple majesty of Heaven, he would find altars and offerings to genii and demons, to spirits and spectres, and outside the very Examination Hall where his sayings, and his only, are the texts for every exercise, he would notice with shame the aspiring scholar burning incense to win the favour of gods and to propitiate the anger of devils. Everywhere he would see signs that the enemy had entered in at the door he had neglected to guard.

In reviewing the special characteristics of the Sage which our imperfect survey has brought into prominence, it cannot be questioned that we see much to admire. If we do not find an anticipation of the Christian idea, it should be no matter of surprise or indignation. 'Sublimity,' said Coleridge, and the remark is one of wide application, 'sublimity is Hebrew by birth.' But if we do not find a stainless teacher combining in his acts and words a hero's fearlessness and a woman's ethereal sensibility, we need not be disappointed, for no such figure could be expected to present itself. Large allowance must be made for the peculiar structure of the national mind. Paul was not more decidedly a Hebrew of the Hebrews, Luther was not more decidedly a German of the Germans, than Confucius was a Chinese of the Chinese. The Chinese have a

language without an alphabet, a religion without a God, and a profound veneration for the dead without a belief in their immortality. These contradictory and imperfect conceptions of the loftiest truths have arrested the growth of the Chinese intellect, and thrust it into degrading superstitions. And to some extent their great Sage must be held responsible for these lamentable consequences. He had many virtues, and they were all of a thoroughly practical kind. By raising in the breasts of princes a passionate admiration for great and good sovereigns he sought to secure the best interests of the people and to make the past protect the present. By stimulating youth to study he sought to create an instructed public opinion which should judge everything by the high standard erected in the ancient books. His private life was free from the stains which disfigured the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome. His public life, as we have seen, was that of a patriotic and conscientious statesman. But he was utterly devoid of imagination and of faith, and he seems to have ignored the truth that this faculty is one of the most powerful instruments of moral good. His philosophy is colourless and cold. He did not seek to influence man by controlling and elevating the heart ($\psi\chi\eta$) with its will, desires, passions, sentiments. His model sage would attain perfection when he possessed, not the $\psi\chi\eta$ but the $\nu\omicron\upsilon$ $\epsilon\nu\epsilon\rho\gamma\epsilon\iota\alpha$ $\kappa\alpha\tau'$ $\acute{\alpha}\rho\eta\tau\eta\upsilon$.

The advanced attainments of Confucius and his occasional approximations to the standard of Christian ethics illustrate a doctrine which has been often alleged — namely, that China in speculations, as in practical progress, 'has repeatedly caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision.'* But neverthe-

* We quote with peculiar pleasure some remarks of the late Lord Elgin:—

'The distinguishing characteristic of the Chinese mind is this: that, at all points of the circle described by man's intelligence, it seems occasionally to have caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to military supremacy when it invented gunpowder some centuries before the discovery was made by any other nation. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to maritime supremacy when it made, at a period equally remote, the discovery of the mariner's compass. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to literary supremacy when, in the tenth century, it invented the printing-press. . . . It has caught from time to time glimpses of the beautiful in colour and design. But in the hands of the Chinese themselves the invention of gunpowder has exploded in crackers and harmless fireworks. The mariner's compass has produced nothing better than the coasting junk. The art of printing has stagnated into stereotyped editions of Confucius; and the most cynical representations of

less the inherent truth and goodness of many of his precepts have exercised a beneficial influence on his country. The times when his doctrines were obscured and Buddhism gained ground were the darkest and most degraded in the history of the Middle Kingdom; and when we contrast his principles with those of his rivals we can understand why his enthusiastic disciples declare that 'Confucianism has not suffered by attrition through myriads of ages, and that it has regenerated China in government, morals, manners, and doctrines.'*

The Western reader requires to put aside

the grotesque have been the principal products of Chinese conceptions of the sublime and beautiful."—*Speech at Royal Academy Dinner, 1861.*

* The Confucian doctrine was somewhat obscured after the Tsin and Han dynasties, while Buddhism gained strength. Buddhism had its rise in India, and it is now supplanted in a great measure by Mohammedanism there. Roman Catholicism arose in the East and West. Now Protestantism has sprung up in the East and West and opposes Roman Catholicism with much power. It is very evident that the different religions fluctuate from time to time in their rigour. Confucianism has not suffered by attrition through myriads of ages, and it has regenerated China in government, morals, manners, and doctrine."—*Tseng Kuo-fan's Memorial to the Emperor, 1868.*

many prejudices before he can hear the word 'regeneration' associated with China as it is. To him the only possible regeneration seems to be a rude awakening from lethargy heralded by the scream of the locomotive and the clink of the gold-finder's axe. The most populous country in the world is usually spoken of as a swathed mummy, a rigid petrification, or a corpse awaiting the galvanic battery. For ourselves, we shall be glad if before Western science and enterprise seek to develop China further they will pause to examine, and to understand, her institutions. There is, of course, no lack of prejudice and paradox in the most ancient and arrogant of nations, but there are philanthropic institutions, noble principles, wise ordinances. These should be recognized and freed from abuse, not torn down with indiscriminate violence. If investigation precede revolution, we may ourselves learn many useful lessons and correct many false impressions. By such inquiry, we are assured that the fame of the philosopher in whom we have been striving to interest our readers, will be augmented, not decreased.

AN agent of an American paper-mill has been in New Brunswick purchasing wood, to be shipped to Philadelphia. The *St. John's Telegraph* says the agent has already contracted for 3,000 cords of white birch and spruce wood, which is being got out on the Bay of Fundy shore, more particularly in Westmoreland. Samples of excellent paper made from poplar may be seen at that office. The New Brunswick wood will go into the States free of duty, being for manufacturing purposes.

MAGNITUDE OF THE SIDEREAL SYSTEM.—It has been calculated, says a writer in *St. Paul's*, that some of the stars seen with Lord Rosse's telescope shine from such an enormous distance, that light takes upwards of 50,000 years in travelling to us from them. Now, consider for a moment the flight of a light-ray from a star at this distance on one side of our system to another as far off on the opposite side. For 100,000 years the light speeds onward—each second sweeping over nearly 200,000 miles; past stars and systems it rushes on, but far away on every hand are stars and other systems

to which it comes not near. During 3,000 generations of mortal men—if one can conceive that our race could last out that time—the pulsations of the ether are transmitted along the tremendous line which separates the two stars. Yet during all that time—if we are to accept the opinion of those who hold that our earth is the only inhabited world—the onward rushing light never approaches a single spot where sentient beings are to be found, save one tiny globe, around which it could circle eight times in one of the seconds which make up the vast period of its flight.

Public Opinion.

A LARGE number of gold English coins of the reigns of Edward III. and Henry VI., and French coins of the reigns of one of the Charles and Louis of France, were picked up at Blackpool sands, near Dartmouth, during the past week. They are nearly all in a good state of preservation. It is supposed that the coins formed part of a box of specie on board a vessel which had become a wreck in this locality, and that they became embedded in the sand, from which they have now been washed out.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

SONNENKAMP had seated himself in his room, and the letter-bag lay before him, but he did not open it. What matters it what the outside world desired! One thought was uppermost, that he must do something, something startling, something that would shatter the whole world to pieces. What? He did not yet know. He sat speechless in the midst of the fairest landscape, with the windows darkened, as in a cellar.

No, not harm thyself, that wouldn't do! anything but weakness, cried he to himself. Why be afraid of this old sentimental spinster, Europe, with her fine modes of speech! What hast thou done? Thou hast acted with due reflection, and thou standest by what thou hast done. It is well that there's nothing more to conceal, that everything is known.

He rose and went into the park. From a lofty acacia-tree one of the main branches was hanging down, which had been broken, so that the tree was like a bird that had lost one of its wings. The head-gardener told Sonnenkamp that a gust of wind had swept over the park the night before. Sonnenkamp nodded several times as he looked at the tree, and then indulged in his inaudible whistle.

A gust of wind may break down a tree like this, but a man like him stands firm.

He went farther on, and coming to the fruit-garden, saw the splendid show of fruit upon the trees; glass bell-shaped vessels, filled with water, were hung by wires underneath the different fruits, so that they might be continually supplied with moisture, and be made to grow. All this you can effect; you can direct nature, why not man? why not destiny? He gazed at the huge fruits as if they could give him an answer, but they remained dumb. He stood for a long time before one tree, that had been trained to the shape of a coronet, and stared at the branches.

In a spider's-web stretched between two twigs a fly was struggling—whew! how convulsively it struggled! perhaps it moaned also, but we couldn't hear it. Yes, high and noble fly, you have a fate no different from that of the human fly. Everywhere spiders—yes, spiders! And you are better off, you will be speedily eaten.

Sonnenkamp struck his forehead with his clenched fist: he was angry with his brain, that led him into such subtle speculations.

He turned away and went back to his room. The best thing you can do, he said to himself, is to make a speedy exit; then are your children free, and you are free too. He took a revolver from the wall just as some one knocked at the door.

"What's the matter? what do you want?" A groom gave his name, and Sonnenkamp opened the door. The groom informed him that his black horse rattled in the throat and foamed at the mouth; that he was sick, and they could not tell what ailed him.

"Indeed?" cried Sonnenkamp. "Have you not walked the horse out for exercise? Has any one ridden him?"

"Yes; the Herr Captain ordered the horse to be saddled the night before, and was a long time gone with him."

"So! Come, I'll cure him speedily." He went down to the stable, looked grimly at the horse, and then shot him through the head. The horse gave one hoarse rattle, and fell headlong.

"So! it's all over now! cried Sonnenkamp. "Now you are free!"

As he was leaving the stable, Pranken came up.

"What have you done?"

"Pooh! I've shot a horse, and every one who doesn't mind," he said in a loud tone, so that all the servants might hear, "knows what to expect."

He ordered the groom to saddle another horse.

Joseph came with the inquiry from Frau Ceres as to what had happened.

Sonnenkamp sent word to Frau Ceres that he had shot the black horse. He smiled when he heard Pranken's report of his wife's state of feeling; he avoided going to her, and he experienced a sort of grateful joy towards destiny, that the large house rendered it possible for each of the inmates to live by himself.

He went to see the Professorin; it was hard for him to meet her eye and that of Eric, but it must be done; he must arm himself to look all men boldly in the face. Was he a coward? had he not bid defiance to the world, and was he now to be afraid of this tutor's family?

He entered the green cottage. He extended his hand neither to Eric nor his mother, and only asked where the children were. He received the answer that they had locked themselves in the library.

He said in a light way to Eric and his mother that he had been especially desirous for them to know the whole; it would now be seen who was faithful. Turning to Eric, he said:—

"I have shot the black horse, which you rode last night. What is mine is mine."

He went quietly away; he stood some time near the library door, and heard Roland and Manna talking, but without distinguishing a word.

He knocked twice, but there was no answer, and he turned away. Returning to the villa, and mounting a horse, he rode to the Cabinetsrath's villa, for he wished to give these people a piece of his mind. And as he was riding along, it seemed to him as if the groom behind him suddenly reined up, and then as if there were two following him. Who is this unknown companion? He forced himself not to look round. The horse trembled under the pressure of his legs. He reached the country-house of the Cabinetsrath, stopped at the gate, and asked after the minister's wife.

The gardener said that she was not there, and that she would not be there any more.

What does this mean? He laughed aloud when he was informed that the villa, with all its appurtenances, had been sold the day before to the American consul at the capital. He is outwitted; these people are his neighbors no longer, and there can nothing be said about demanding back the property bought at a merely nominal sum. And after the first flush of anger, Sonnenkamp experienced a peculiar satisfaction in the thought that there were so many sagacious people in the world; it is a pleasant thing that there are so many foxes and lynxes to be found everywhere, and under their own particular masks.

A court-lackey rode up. Sonnenkamp reined in. Could it be possible that they repented and were sending a courier after him?

"Where are you going?" he asked of the court-lackey as he stopped.

"To Villa Eden."

"To whom?"

"To the Professorin Dournay."

"Might I ask who sends you, and what your errand is?"

"Why not?"

"Well, what's the errand?"

"The Professorin was formerly a lady in waiting on the gracious mother of the Prince, and the gracious Princess was very fond of her."

"Very well, very well. And now?"

"Well, now, the Professorin is living there with a horrible man who has deceived the whole world, and is a slavetrader, and one's life isn't safe there a single minute, and now the gracious Princess sends me there, and I am to say to the Professorin —

and if she will, to take her along with me at once — that she can be delivered from this monster."

The lackey was astonished to see the man who had questioned him ride away without speaking another word.

Sonnenkamp boiled with rage; but he shortly laughed out loud again.

"That's all right! afraid, — the whole world is afraid of him. This confers strength; this is far better than the silly honor, with which one must behave himself."

He felt a profound contempt for those in high station. Now they take up the neglected widow, now, — why not before?

He rode to the castle. Here were the laborers who were erecting a wing of the building; they saluted their employer with evident reluctance. Sonnenkamp smiled; at any rate, they had to salute him. He would have liked to get the whole world together, in order to look it, once for all, defiantly in the face.

He rode to the Major's. Fräulein Milch was standing at the window, and before he said anything, she called down: —

"The Herr Major is not at home." And now he turned homeward.

When he came to the garden-wall, he noticed some large letters, and riding nearer, he saw written in many different ways: Slave-trader! Slave-murderer! An artist, with no very practised hand, had drawn the picture of a gallows on which a figure was hanging with protruding tongue, and on the tongue was the word Slave-trader! He ordered the porter to keep better watch, and to shoot down the insolent fellows who should do any such thing.

The porter said: —

"I'll not shoot; I shall leave the service on St. Martin's day, anyhow."

Sonnenkamp rode back toward the green cottage; he wanted to take away his children, and he wanted to tell the Professorin not to give any more charity to the rabble that dared to write such words on the white wall of his garden. But he turned about again. The best way would be to take no notice of it.

Panting with rage he returned to his room, and he wondered at the thought which came over him, that this house was his own no longer; every one in the neighborhood was thronging in, scoffing, pitying, and he was living, as it were, in the street, for every one was speaking about him, and he could not help himself. He stamped his foot on the floor.

"Here 'tis! You wanted honor, — you

wanted to be talked about, and now they do talk,—but how? I despise the whole of you!" he exclaimed.

He turned over all manner of plans in his mind, how he should get the better of the world. But what was there that he could do? He could not hit upon anything.

CHAPTER X.

ROLAND'S MOAN.

ROLAND and Manna sat in the library, holding each other's hand; they were like two children who had taken refuge from the storm in a strange hut. For a long time they were unable to speak. Manna was the first to gain composure, and in a tone of forced cheerfulness, passing her hand over her brother's face, she said:—

"Do you know the story of the little brother and the little sister? They lost themselves in the wood, and then found their way home again. And we are like two children in the wild forest. But we are children no longer; you are grown up, you are strong, you must be so."

"Oh, don't speak," replied Roland, "every word goes through my brain, even the sound of your voice. O sister! no, there's none like it! Do you think in all these hundreds and hundreds of books there's one single fate like ours? No, there can't be."

After a longer interval, Manna again began:—

"Now I can tell you what I meant, when I said that I would be an Iphigenia; I wanted to sacrifice myself for you all, in order to take the expiation from you."

"Oh, don't speak. What do these stories of the children in the wood, of Orestes and Iphigenia, have to do with us? Orestes was happy, he could consult the gods at Delphi; at that time the gods could be offended and appeased; they were obliged to give a response—but now? we? Where, in these times, is there a single mouth which gives a response in the name of the gods? The Greeks had slaves too; and we? Now they tell us that love has come into the world, and that all men are the children of God! Is this love? And the priests blessed the marriage of a man who held slaves—children of God as slaves,—and they baptized these children, letting them still be slaves! Alas! I'm getting crazed! O, my youth! O, my youth! Alas! I am still so young, and I must bear for a long, long life-time—must bear this—everything! There's a blackness before my eyes, a spot upon everything I see—all is black—black!

At the time when Claus was imprisoned—Children do not suffer for the crime of their father; they can have no part in it, but they do suffer from it a whole lifetime. Where is justice—help me, sister!—do help me!"

"I cannot, I do not comprehend it! O, it was that drove me out of the sanctuary! I don't comprehend it!"

The brother and sister sat together in silence, until Roland suddenly threw himself into Manna's arms, and hiding his head on her bosom, said:—

"Manna, I wanted to kill myself, I could not bear it. Yesterday, everything so beautiful—and here on your heart I cry—I must live—I don't know what I am to do—I must live! Were the children to kill themselves for their parent's guilt, that guilt would be made still greater."

Again Roland leaned his head on the arm of the sofa, murmuring to himself:—

"He did not carry it out at once, and now it will never be done."

"What do you mean?" asked Manna. Roland gave her a glassy stare, but he kept it to himself that he had exhorted his father to put away all his property, and that the father had led him to believe it should be done; but now he seemed to see clearly that nothing of the kind would ever take place. He closed his eyes, opened them again, and lay there paralyzed as in an awful void, everything crushed and shattered within him.

Manna understood how he felt, and kneeling by the sofa, she cried:—

"Roland, I have a great secret to tell you; Eric and I—"

"What?" exclaimed Roland, sitting upright.

"Eric and I are betrothed."

"You? you two?"

He sprang up, pressed her in his arms, exclaiming again:—

"You? you two?"

"Yes, Roland; and he has known everything for a long time."

"He has known everything? And he has not rejected you with disdain?—and he has instructed me so faithfully?—Oh!"

Roland and Manna held each other in a long embrace. There was a knock at the door, and they separated, looking at each other in dismay. They knew it was their father's knock, but neither of them said so. There was another rap, and they still were silent. Retreating footsteps were heard, and they knew their father's step. Both knew what it meant not to open when their father knocked, but each refrained from speaking of it.

Roland's thoughts must have gone from one person to the other, for he now said:—

"Herr von Pranken has advised me to enter the Papal army. O, if I only knew a battle-field where human brotherhood was to be fought for! O, if I knew where that was, how gladly would I die on it! But that cannot be won upon the field of battle. Oh, sister! I don't know what I'm thinking, what I'm saying. Hiawatha fasted, and we must fast too."

"Let us go home!" said Manna, finally.

"Home! home! What is home to us? What can be our home?"

Roland, however, rose up and went hand in hand with Manna through the meadow to the villa.

The sun shone bright, the hay exhaled so sweet a fragrance, the vessels were rushing up and down the stream, and just then a merry procession was moving towards them on the road; it was a so-called harvest mummary. On a cask sat the second son of the Huntsman crowned as Bacchus with vine-leaves; around him stood maidens clad in white, with dishevelled hair; they were swinging juga, shouting and rejoicing. On the horses rode shapes disguised with moss.

Everybody was shouting and screaming amidst the loud report of fire-arms.

Brother and sister stood and gazed after the merry train, which disappeared behind the trees, and each knew the other's thoughts. Yes, all others can be merry, but we! They went on farther, and at last Roland said:—

"I know not how it is with me, I feel as if I were not really experiencing all this; I am only dreaming of it, and looking at it like a departed spirit. Everything is so distant, so inaccessible, so dim, so shadowy. When I look upon you, I feel all the time that we cannot approach each other at all, that there lies between us a dreadful immensity of distance, and father—mother!"

With a wild stare he looked around him, as if he saw ghosts everywhere. Manna held his hand more firmly; he became more tranquil; nay, he even smiled thankfully.

Griffin came bounding along just at this moment; he was overjoyed to see his young master once more, and jumped up on him again and again. Roland caressed him and said:—

"Yes, dear Griffin, when I had lost and forgotten you, then you found your way home. Ah, dear Griffin, don't you know a way home for me now? I am not your master, I am nothing."

The dog seemed to understand Roland's sad looks and words; he looked up at him

so affectionately, as if he wanted to say:— Ah! do not pine thy young life away.

Brother and sister stood side by side on the bank of the Rhine. Roland exclaimed,—

"I see my face in the water, sister, there is no brand upon my forehead—no brand—and still —"

He wept bitterly, for the first time.

"Come, let us go on," said Manna consolingly.

"On, on! Yes, our path is long, unendingly long," rejoined Roland, as he allowed himself to be led away by his sister.

They entered the courtyard of the villa. The servants were slowly leading away the horses with their blankets on.

Roland opened his mouth: he wanted to cry out: Take off the blankets! Take off the blankets, and hide the shame with them! Let the horses all spring out into the open air. We have no more right over them, they are no longer ours! But he could not utter the words.

Then he looked up at the green-houses, at the trees, as if he wanted to ask them all if they knew to whom they belonged.

He asked Manna to go into the stable with him. He looked into the servants' faces as if begging respect from them, and he thanked them for saluting him, and for asking him what his commands were. Men still saluted him, men still obeyed him! In the stable, he caressed his pony and wept upon his neck.

"O Puck! shall you ever carry such a light-hearted youth again?"

The dogs were jumping round him; he nodded to them, and said sorrowfully to Manna:—

"The brutes are altogether the happiest creatures in the world; they inherit nothing from their parents, nothing but life—no house, no garden, no money, no clothes. Ah, my good Puck, what a fine long mane you have!"

There was something rising almost to frenzy in Roland's thought and speech, as, tugging at the beast's long mane, he exclaimed:—

"If slaves could not speak, could not pray, they would be happy like you, and like you, my faithful dogs!"

Manna was becoming uneasy at the unwearying tenor of Roland's thoughts; she said:—

"You must now remain all the time with our friend Eric, and not leave him a moment."

"No, not now—not now! Those are no arrows of Apollo, for the pedagogue to ward off!"

Manna did not understand what Roland was saying; his mind seemed to her distracted, and he did not explain how it was that the Niobe group rose before his eyes. At length, after some time, he said:—

"Yes, so it is! The maiden hides in her mother's lap, but the boy holds up his own hands and wards off the fatal shaft. And at night, when I was wandering off to Eric, I listened to the story of the laughing sprite. It takes a long while for an acorn to grow into a tree, and a cradle to be made out of the tree, and a child that lies in the cradle to open the door. Don't you hear? he laughs; he must go through his transformation."

Manna begged him to be quiet, and said:—

"I must go to father."

"And I to mother."

Pranken met them on the steps; he held out his hand to Manna, and she said:

"I am unspeakably thankful to you for the great loyalty you have shown to my father."

"Stop a while, I beg of you."

"No, I cannot now—no longer."

The brother and sister separated, and as Roland entered his mother's room, the latter said:—

"Don't trouble yourself about this Old World, we are going back again to the New, to your real home."

Roland caught these words as if they came from afar off; and he exclaimed:—

"That's it! that's it! It is the Delphic oracle!"

"What do you say? I am not learned."

Roland did not answer. Something was beginning to emerge out of the chaos around him, but it sank quickly out of sight again.

"Wait a moment, it is time to go to dinner," said the mother.

She put on a shawl and went with Roland to the dining-room.

Here, also, were Franken and Fräulein Perini; the two were standing talking together in a low tone.

Roland went for Eric.

"Isn't it dreadful to have to eat again?" he said. "What bits of slaves do we eat to-day? Ah, Eric! lay your hand upon my forehead. So—so—now that's good."

They had to wait some time before Sonnenkamp came, and Manna did not appear until some time afterwards.

Her cheeks were glowing.

They sat there at table so near together, and so far—far apart were they from each other. Eric and Manna looked at each other only once; there was in their glance an expression full of intelligence. Roland said softly to Eric,—

"When the huntsman came home from court there were potatoes on his table."

Eric laid his hand consolingly on his shoulder; he knew everything that was going on in the soul of the youth from this reminiscence. The huntsman was innocent, and here?

Pranken displayed all his tact in managing to bring forward every safe subject of conversation; the building of the castle furnished him abundant material.

They rose from the table, and all separated as before. Roland requested Eric to allow him to remain alone by himself for that day.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BOND OF HONOR.

It was evening. Roland was going through the village. In the streets floated an odor of the May wine; everybody was merry and bustling; the wine-presses were creaking and dripping in the streets, men were moving along slowly with full heavy tubs on their backs.

Roland gazed at everybody with questioning look; he would have liked to cry out,—

See, here is a beggar, he begs of you something of love, of kindness, of pity for him and his father. Ah, only a little charity!

He saw the houses to which on his birthday he had carried joy-bringing gifts; the people returned his greetings, but they were not, as formerly, gladdened and honored by them; he left the village.

Outside of it, on the river-bank, he sat behind a hedge, as he did before he ran away to Eric. Now he was sitting in unspeakable sadness, that bade fair to wither his life-strength. A water-ousel flew up near him. With childish self-forgetfulness, he bent the boughs away from each other, and saw a nest with five young ones stretching out their bills. How happy he would have been in by-gone days to have made such a discovery! Now, he stood there, and said to himself sadly,—

Ah! you are at home.

He heard a carriage come rattling towards him on the road, and he thought of that poor servant in the night, who would rather hunger and beg than possess property unjustly acquired.

Not far from him on the bank a boat was loosened from its chain; he heard the chain rattle, and at the same moment he felt in his heart as, if he heard the slaves, who, bound in one long chain, were coming towards him; and this again transformed

itself in his imagination, and he saw the dwarf, fettered as he had once seen him, and the groom; they were walking along the road, and behind them the constable, with his loaded gun gleaming in the sun.

He looked up.

There, indeed, was a constable walking along. What if he were coming to arrest his father?

O no, there was no fear of that!

What was the matter, then?

And while his eye was still fastened on the bush behind which the constable disappeared, he became, as it were, clairvoyant, his sight reaching out to all things instinctively. His thought stretched away to Clodwig, to the Doctor, to the Major, to the Huntsman. What are they all saying? Profoundly it came upon him: Man does not live for himself alone. There is an invisible and inseparable community, whose bond is respect and honor. He could bear no longer to sit alone with his confused thoughts; he said to himself almost aloud:—

"To the Huntsman's."

With nimble foot and beating heart, as if he expected to find something there, he knew not what, he ascended the mountain. Before reaching the town he was met by the second son of the Huntsman; he too was slowly plodding: he was carrying a heavy tub of young wine. The lad was of the same age with Roland, and while still at some distance, he cried out:—

"Father said that you would come. Just go right in, he is expecting you."

Roland thanked him and went on. As he entered the Huntsman's house, the latter cried out to him:—

"Knew you were coming. Have a salve for you. Needn't tell me anything, know everything this long while. Can give you something."

"What?"

"Boy, there are two things in the world that help; praying and drinking. If you can't pray, drink till you have enough. Come, that's the best thing."

"Shame on you," rejoined Roland, "shame on you, there is another thing."

"What now? What?"

"Why, thinking. I cannot yet do it well at all, and I know not what will come of it, but still help must come of it."

"Huzza!" cried the Huntsman, "you're a splendid lad! Say, have you decided yet what you'll do with the big pile of money, when you've once got it in your hand?"

"No."

"Very well. No doubt you'll learn. Now, I tell you, don't fret your young life away. Have pity on your father; he is a

poor man, with all his millions. Show that you're a lad who deserves to have the sun shine on him.

"Listen! mind!" he said, interrupting himself suddenly.

The black-bird was singing the melody: "Rejoice in your life." Roland and the Huntsman looked at each other, and Roland smiled.

"Just so!" cried the Huntsman. "Learn that by heart, too. Rejoice in your life, all else is silly stuff. The bird is sensible. You've done your part well." He nodded to the black-bird, which was regarding the man and the boy with a wise look, as if it knew what it had done, and was sure of applause; and turning to Roland, he continued merrily:—

"So—just so!—just so! Hold up your head, and if you need any one, call on me. You got me out of prison; that I'll never forget. Now come and be merry, as your dogs are."

He took out a loaf of bread, which Roland was to give to the dogs to eat; but Roland ate first with great zest.

"Hurrah! victory!" shouted Claus, "you're hungry. The battle's won! Now let the water run down the Rhine, there's another day to-morrow."

Eric had had a presentiment that Roland would be at the field-guard's; he went after him, and was rejoiced to find him calm once more. They went home together, and Roland said:—

"Over there at the Huntsman's it came into my head all at once: What would Benjamin Franklin say to me now? Do you know, Eric, what he would say?"

"Not entirely, but I think he would say that a man who does nothing but grieve stands on a level with the brute, which in a mishap cannot help itself. The power of man has its beginning in this, that he can grasp, comprehend, and direct his misfortune in such a way as to make something out of it for his own good. If you suffer yourself to fall asleep in affliction, you are responsible for your own injury. Rouse yourself. As long as there is anything which you can esteem in yourself, you have a right to the esteem of others."

"Thanks," exclaimed Roland. "For my part, I have been thinking what Benjamin Franklin would say. I saw him before me with his genial countenance, his long snow-white hair, and he said:—Mark you, the worst thing is not what shames us in the eyes of the world, but to allow the shame so to pervert your mind that you look upon all men as base."

What he had listened to on the way he

had shaped into a strong pillar of thought for himself.

Eric could not tell how it gladdened his heart to feel that he had fashioned this youth for such things; he wanted to cry out to him, You are a man; but he repressed it. It would not do to say it aloud. With a tranquillity wrung from the most profound grief, they both returned to the villa.

They reached the garden wall, from the face of which the porter was scraping something.

"There it is! there it is!" exclaimed Roland. "I have read it!"

The porter was scraping the mortar with a sharp iron, and this scraping went through Roland's soul as if the work were done on his own heart. All the coolness and composure that he had gained disappeared.

"There it is!" he exclaimed. "It will have to be scraped off again to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow, and forever. Ah, Eric, why are men so wicked! What good does it do them to insult us?"

Eric consoled him by saying that men are not so wicked, they merely liked to irritate and mock one another.

He accompanied Roland to his room, and there the youth sat still, his hand clenched and pressed against his lip, till his teeth left their mark on his fingers. For a long while he spoke not a word. He looked at the stuffed bird, and said softly to himself once more, "Hiawatha!"

He stood at the window, and looked down into the park, up into the sky, where the swallows were gathering in great flocks, getting ready to cross the sea into warmer lands. Everything, everything has its home, something was saying in the heart of this youth; the plant that cannot stir is carried to a secure shelter, and the swallow draws to a place where it can still be happy. O, if some one could only tell us now where we might be happy!

All at once he shrank back from the window, for he saw the Russian prince entering the courtyard; behind the Prince came the Doctor in his carriage. Roland begged Eric to leave him alone, and not bring any one to see him.

Eric went away, and Roland locked himself up in his room.

CHAPTER XII.

SONNENKAMP FINDS A CONGENIAL SPIRIT.

SONNENKAMP was sitting alone in his large room; he looked up towards the castle, which was nearly completed. Who will dwell in it? He turned his eye away. He

stood for a long time in front of Roland's picture.

"One should have no children, know nothing of them," he exclaimed. He was terrified at the sound of his own voice.

He opened the money-safe; he contemplated the neatly-arranged papers, and the drawers that contained the coined and uncoined gold.

"What help are you to me? and still —"

There was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" he asked.

Joseph answered:—

"His Highness the Prince is here, and wishes —"

The Prince? Could it be possible? Was it all only a dream? Is the Prince coming to ask his pardon? Does he feel —?

Sonnenkamp went to the door; he opened it; there stood the Russian Prince Valerian. He said, with friendly words, that he had come to see if he could, in any way, be of assistance, and Herr Weidmann also —

"I need no assistance! I need no one," broke in Sonnenkamp, shutting the door and locking it once more.

"I have no pity, and want no pity," said he to himself, holding both his clenched hands on his breast. There was another knock.

"What is it? Why don't they leave me in peace?"

Through the key-hole came the sound of a gentle voice:—

"It is I, the Countess Bella."

Sonnenkamp shivered.

Is it a trick? It is some one who insists on speaking to him, assuming that name and that voice.

Well! At any rate, the person who puts on that mask is very cunning. Let us see who it is that is so shrewd!

He opened the door and stood transfixed; it was indeed Bella.

"Give me your hand!" she cried. "Your hand! You are a hero, I have never before seen a hero. And what are all these puppets around you? Stuffing for uniforms, nothing more; cowardly professors and newspaper hacks! There is still a bugbear which they call humanity, of which they are all in fear; before which they creep away, like children from the wolf. You alone are a man!"

"Sit down," at last said Sonnenkamp in astonishment; he did not in the least understand what all this could mean. Bella kept up the same strain, saying:—

"I knew that you were a conqueror, but I did not know that you were such a mighty one."

Still Sonnenkamp was not able to understand. What does this woman want? Is this a kind of mockery? But he was disposed to think otherwise, when she exclaimed:—

"They are weaklings—cowards, all of them, the world of rank particularly! They ought to have created you a count, an ordinary baron is altogether too small a thing for you. You have done what they all would have liked to do—no, not all, but only certain ones who have the mettle within them. But they are ashamed before the man who accomplishes what they had not the energy, or the courage, or the daring to accomplish. They have swords, they carry fancy daggers, and are frightened at the rattan of the school-master, who raps them on the fingers with it and says to them: 'Know ye not that we are living in the epoch—or do they call it the century, the age—of humanity?' By good right, all the nobles of the land should leave their cards for you, and congratulate you. How many of these puppets would be in possession of nobility, if they had to win it by heroism like yours? Look at me; were I young, had you come in my youth, I would have gone out with you into the wide world; you have in you a Napoleonic vein. Give me your hand!"

She reached out both her hands and pressed his passionately.

"You do not recollect, but I have kept it in mind," said she in a haughty tone, "when you and Prince Valerian dined with us, you said: 'There is a priestcraft of Humanity.' You were right. Before the flimsy humanity of Jean Jacques Rousseau, they all bow down in fear, strong free men; they are dreaming of a paradise of equality, where black and white, noble and mean, the genius and the blockhead, shall be brewed into a mass together; they have a new faith in a book, the 'Contrat Social' is their Bible. I am not afraid of Jean Jacques Rousseau —"

With a joyful look, Sonnenkamp interrupted her:—

"A cause is not lost, no, it is victorious, if highminded women are enthusiastic over it."

"Thanks—thanks," continued Bella.

She seized his hand and stroked his thumb with her delicate fingers.

"So one of the pets of the school-masters has sunk his teeth in here? Be proud of it; it is a mark of honor, more so than if it had been won in battle. Now let nothing in the world subdue you; enjoy yourself; you have nothing more to conceal; now stand

your ground and show that you are the only one that is not afraid of the school-masters. The dauntless man acknowledges and conforms to the inevitable."

Bella had risen; her eye was blazing, her cheeks were glowing, and her countenance wore a look of mysterious and terrible fascination.

So must Medusa have appeared, so must she have breathed, so must she have trembled.

And in the midst of this deep emotion, Bella felt that it was a fine scene: here are the sublime tones of voice at her command, here is majesty, here is passion. She suddenly stood still like a living picture, as soon as she became conscious of this conception, and her eye sought for a mirror in which to behold herself.

She shook her head, and turned back as if she were coming upon the stage out of one of the side scenes.

"Will you tell me how you have become so great and daring, so free—the only free man?"

Sonnenkamp, the strong man, trembled within himself. He had an avowal upon his lips, but he dared not utter it; he had a demoniacal smile upon his face, as Bella said to him:—

"There is one thing only you must not do; speak not to me of love: anything but the 'fable convenue'; that is nothing—for you nothing and to me nothing. Still another thing. You will learn it now too, if you do not know it already,—the greatest tyranny in the world is the family. Grieve not for your family; a hero has no family, and besides, it is only a sentimental tradition that the heroes used to play with their children on the floor. You must be alone, think of yourself alone; then you are strong, you are like a man born of Byron's fancy, and such a man actually stands before me. You have made only one mistake; a man like you, such a hero, should have no family, should not want to have any. Be firm, do not suffer yourself to be cleft in twain and crushed to atoms through this mistake."

Sonnenkamp was still too much shaken not to feel a shudder creep over him at the sight of this apparition, that seemed to have sprung out from the world of fable; he said that he had had an idea, of the mere existence of which he had only been conscious in a shadowy way, but now it was clear; he was resolved to continue the struggle, to wage open war, that is, covert but decisive war; he would bring the virtuous people hereabouts to a different way of thinking,

this next would be his task. He had a plan that was not yet clear to him, but it would become clear.

Bella said that she did not wish to speak to any one in the house beside himself; she was going back at once, but she trusted that he would be firm and stand his ground, for otherwise she would have to despise all men, and among them the only one who had ever won her respect by real power.

Sonnenkamp opened the seed-room, accompanied Bella through it, and opened the door that led to the private stair over-run with climbing plants. Here he kissed her hand at parting. But while still on the steps, Bella called after him:—

"And one thing more! The first thing for you to do is to free yourself from slavery; you must send away this teacher's family."

She made a repellant gesture, and added:—

"This teacher's family should establish their transcendental distillery in the little University town once more."

When Sonnenkamp returned to his room after Bella's departure, it seemed to him as if everything had been only a dream; but he still breathed the odor of the delicate perfumery which Bella's garments had left behind in his room; he still saw the chair on which she had been sitting; she had actually been there.

But Bella did not reach home unseen. In the park she met her brother. She confessed to him frankly that she had been to see Sonnenkamp, to cheer him up; she praised Otto for his constancy, and for despising the miserable, weak world.

"I could love this man!" she exclaimed; "he is a conqueror, he has won for himself a bit of the world. Pshaw! Let them grub for remains from the Roman world, which was so powerful and despised every one that spoke of justice for the slaves—and what are they themselves?"

"Sister," said Franken playfully, "you are still too young and handsome to dress yourself up with those ingenious whims; you do not need such cosmetic contrivances."

Bella drew back a step from him, and then said:—

"No, I wanted to say a word to you; but no. Only persevere, and bring your designs with Manna to a point soon. How does the little cloister-plant do?"

"I beg of you, Bella——"

"Well, well, I'm going directly, I can do none of you any good."

She turned away quickly, and went back to Wolfsgarten.

Franken looked after her with astonish-

ment. He composed himself, for the Priest came up. He reached out his hand to him humbly, and spoke very gratefully of his having come voluntarily to build up anew the house of sorrow.

CHAPTER XII.

COUNTER-POISON.

PRINCE VALERIAN, who had met with such a rough rebuff from Sonnenkamp, had himself announced to Eric. Roland, who was in the next room, heard him say, the first thing as he entered:—

"Where is Roland?"

"He desires to be left alone," answered Eric; and then the Prince declared that Eric was best able to form an opinion as to what might be good for Roland; but for his part, he could not help thinking that intercourse with men in whose eyes he could behold the love they bore him, would be of greater assistance than anything else in this unspeakable sorrow.

Roland rose to his feet in the next room. Would this really be better than musing by one's self? He kept quiet, and heard the Prince ask how the daughter and how the wife had received the exposure of the dreadful secret.

The Prince spoke in a loud, Eric in a low tone, and Roland did not understand Eric's answer.

The Prince continued in the same loud tone. Herr Weidmann was indignant at the manner in which Professor Crutius had brought this matter before the public, and the statement that Doctor Fritz might have had a share in this malicious publication, was, without doubt, a falsehood. Doctor Fritz had said again and again, when he came to take away his child, that he hoped the whole affair would remain concealed, on account of Sonnenkamp's children.

Roland trembled.

Does Lilian know it over the sea? Or when will she hear of it? How will she bear it? And will she cry about him? And she told him, that time in the garden, that he must come home and help to deliver the world from wrong.

He stretched his arms upwards, as if he must hasten from that spot, and do something at that very moment.

The Prince, in the neighboring room, went on to say that Herr Weidmann had seriously considered whether he himself ought not to go over to Villa Eden, then and there to offer his assistance, but he had, after thinking the matter over, perceived that this would be of no practical benefit, and there-

fore he had counselled the Prince to carry out his own purpose.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "for the first time in a long while has the high social position I am permitted to occupy brought me joy, or, rather joy is not the right word. I thought to myself that, on this account, I should be able to effect here more than any one else, and particularly for your pupil Roland, whom I love so dearly, and whose afflictions give me not a moment's peace."

In the next room, Roland folded his outstretched hands, and the thought passed through his mind:—

Oh; the world is good; no, it is not so bad as you on the journey wished to make me believe. Here is one man who feels for me.

The Prince continued:—

"Ah, Captain, what are we, who are set in high places? Our way of living is just the same as yours is here, only it is historically superannuated, overgrown with moss. On the way here, I have seen everything anew. Our serfs were sold with the land and soil. It is the same thing, or rather, worse, for they were men of the same race. And, Captain, on my way here I became a terrible heretic. I asked myself what have those done who were sent into the world to preach, and never to stop preaching, love and brotherhood. They have looked quietly upon the fact that there are thousands and thousands of slaves, thousands and thousands of serfs. And then the thought struck me, Who is freeing the serfs and the slaves? Pure humanity is unloosing their chains."

Again the thought flashed through Roland's mind: Is not that the same thing that he himself had already thought of—and Manna too? The youth's eyes opened wide, as Eric now answered:—

"I am far away from what is called the church, but the doctrine of Christ is still a root of that humanity which is now fast ripening into maturity."

"You are like Herr Weidmann, who also—" exclaimed the Prince. He could not finish the sentence, for the Doctor entered.

"Where is Roland?" he also inquired, after the greeting was over.

He too got the answer that Roland wished to be alone, and the Doctor said, —

"I approve of that. Is he very much agitated? Mind, days will come when he will fall into dulness and apathy; let it have its course with him, and at the same time have the greatest patience with him. The noblest gift of nature is stupor; it is part of the soul's sleep; the simpleton and the brute have it constantly; they consequently

never reach that pitch of intense excitement that endangers all existence; and nature, too, takes pity on the sensitive man, and gives him stupor. In the first place, when he begins to give way under his grief, then, I beg of you, give Roland to understand that the affair is not so terrible as it seems; there is a good deal of depravity right under our very eyes; and where is it that this depravity does not exist! Do you remember my asking you when you came here first, how long since you had been a believer in depravity?"

Eric said he did.

The Doctor continued in a cheerful tone:—

"Now that evil is here, don't lose heart; you have done nobly so long as you have put faith in human purity; I hope, now that you have become a convert to the new faith, you will still remain equally strong. Yes, Captain, we think we are teachers when we are only pupils. Do you know what vexed me most in the publication of this story?"

"How could I?"

"I was indignant that the sated, self-sufficient portion of the community, pluming itself upon its external white-wash of decency, should now give itself a treat. Each person looks at himself: Ah, I am a magnificent being, compared with this monster. And still the vileness of the slave trade is only more notorious than that of a thousand other occupations. In the Jockey Club the 'Jeunesse dorée' are railing at the monster Sonnenkamp, and what are they themselves? Hundreds of occupations are constantly hanging on the verge of crime. Yes, the old theology teaches me that as Sodom might in old times have stood, if only just so many righteous men were to be found in it, so it is to-day. The sun shines only for the few just men; and in every human being there is a complete Sodom; but there is also in him something of righteousness, and because of that he continues to live."

Eric and the Prince looked in surprise at the Doctor, whom they had never before really known. Within, in the next room, Roland had seized hold of his forehead, as if questioning whether he comprehended all this, and in what it would all end.

The Doctor seemed to enjoy his triumph, or rather the perplexity he had caused, and he exclaimed in a loud voice, louder even than before, —

"For all that, I have for this Herr Sonnenkamp great respect."

He paused, and then continued:—

"This Herr Sonnenkamp, or, for aught I care, Banfield, has kept pretty stiff, he has

not bowed down before the priesthood; if he had, this would have been covered up. That he has not done so, shows power; and, besides, I think I have kept myself free from the sentimental epidemic. These niggers are not my fellow creatures; human beings of a black complexion have no high destiny; from their whole physical conformation, they belong out in the heat of the sun, at hard work. Slavery is not such a bad thing, after all; we would not find it ill, if we, too, had slaves for servants. When serving people know that their place is to serve and that they can not play the master, they are more faithful in their work, and one can take better care of them. And I have many a time thought to myself how it would be, if my men-servants and maid-servants were all at once transformed into Africans; it would be a surprise, but one would have to get reconciled to it. I am loth to accept these darkies as my brothers. And can you think of a negro as a painter? A nigger cannot even see himself in the looking-glass. And can you picture to yourself a nigger statesman, a nigger professor?"

Eric was full of indignation at all this, but he had to listen to it; there was no chance for him to say anything, as the Doctor cried out in a still louder voice, —

"Don't let Roland fall into sentimentality. You, as philologist, must know the story of that — wasn't it a Roman emperor? — who had made a great deal of money by the slave-trade, and whose son took up a piece of the gold acquired by this means, held it to his nose, and asked: 'numolet?' Roland should not continue to carry on the slave-trade; it isn't just the thing; it's always unpleasant and dirty; but he mustn't let what has happened ruin him; he should know that he's the legitimate owner of the property, and needn't ask how the money was obtained — the legitimate owner," he repeated once again in a loud voice.

Eric now noticed for the first time that the Doctor was speaking neither to him nor to the Prince.

The Doctor was aware that Roland was listening to everything, in the next room, and everything was directed to him. Should he by a protest interfere with the healing skill of the Doctor, who sought to cure the effect of the poison by a counter poison?

"Ah! you come in good time," cried the Doctor to the Priest, as he entered. "I have been fore-stalling you a little in your office, and now you can give me some assistance."

He repeated hurriedly to the Priest what he had been saying, and he was surprised when the Priest rejoined: —

"I do not agree with you. Yes, you gentlemen of philosophy and the self-government of mankind — remember, Captain, I told you so the first time we met — you have nothing but arrogance or dejection; you know no such thing as equanimity, because the firmly fixed rock of the Positive is lacking in you."

Eric, who had been holding his breath while the Doctor was holding forth, was on the point of replying sharply to the Priest, when the door was thrown open and Roland entered.

"No Doctor," exclaimed he, "you have not converted me. I still know — I still know — and you, Herr Priest, it does not become me to dispute with you, but I will not suffer my friend, my brother, my Eric, to be assailed here. He has given me the Positive, the belief in our duty, in our activity, in our never-ceasing self-devotion. I will show for his sake, and for my sake, what I can yet do in life."

The Prince embraced Roland; the Doctor took the Priest outside, and said to him in a low tone: —

"Don't trouble the young man, a favorable crisis has set in. Come with me, I beg of you."

He drew the Priest away almost by force.

Eric, Roland, and the Prince still sat a long while together; then they had the horses saddled, Eric and Roland accompanying the Prince a part of the way.

After they had ridden a short distance, they saw a strange shape on the road; Roland cried out suddenly: —

"There's something walking, I think — I think — no, I am not mistaken, it's our friend Knopf!"

It was no other than Knopf. He was going along quietly in the dark, quizzing himself sorely why it was he did not understand the world; it really ought to explain itself to him, for he held the world so dear. Why is it so reserved and full of secrecy? What would now become of Roland? And amongst the rest entered a lighter and more trifling sorrow, that the Major had utterly forgotten him. Knopf did not think ill of him for it, not in the least; for Heaven knows that in such confusion one had his head full enough; who can think of everything? He confessed modestly to himself that he, of course, could not have been of any assistance whatever, he was so awkward; there was Herr Dournay, and Pranken — he knew nothing at all about Prince Valerian. Thus he was trudging along in the dark, and questioning himself in every way, and then looking up at the stars.

"Herr Knopf! Herr Knopf! Herr Magister!" was shouted out by different voices. Knopf stopped. Roland sprang quickly off his horse, embraced the old teacher, and exclaimed:—

"Ah, forgive me for what I have done to you; I've been wanting to say it to you—long ago——" At the words, "long ago," Roland's voice trembled violently.

"You have already, and it has been forgiven for a long time; but how does it happen that you are here?"

Everything was soon explained. Knopf rested his hand on Roland's shoulder all the while, as if he could lend him some of his strength; and he pressed back the spectacles very close to his eyes, when he heard and saw how the youth was beginning to bear up manfully under the terrible event. He pressed Eric's hand as if he would say:—

"You can be happy, you have imparted to the boy genuine strength."

When at last they were bidding good-bye, Roland begged Knopf to ride home on the pony. Knopf assured him repeatedly that it was a pleasure to him to roam about in the dark on foot; Roland asserted that Puck was a right gentle beast, so tractable, so easy and intelligent; and he said to the little horse:—

"I want you to be good now, and make up for all the trouble I gave to my old teacher; do be well-behaved."

Knopf continued to object, and at last he brought out, in a plaintive tone, that he had no straps to his pants. Everybody laughed, and Roland in the midst of his sorrow laughed too. Knopf was extremely happy to find that Roland could laugh, and now he yielded. Roland helped him mount, stroking the arm of his former teacher, and stroking the horse; Knopf and the Prince rode off together. But Eric did not mount again; leading his horse by the bridle, he went hand in hand with Roland to the Villa.

And now, in the still night, Eric was incessantly occupied in thinking of what the Doctor had said; how great was the discord in the whole modern world, so that the life of states, and even many of the occupations of private life, were not regulated by ethical principles. Not in the way prescribed by the Doctor, — besides, it had left no impression whatever on Roland, — would the youth gain rest and strength, nor in any way but in the acknowledgment that each one must strive earnestly to conform to the moral law, and make it an integral part of his actual life.

Roland listened to him quietly, occasion-

ally clasping the speaker's hand with a firmer hold.

When they were approaching the Villa, Roland said, sighing deeply:—

"Ah, Eric, now the house is robbed in a very different way from what it was when we came back from Wolfsgarten."

No change had been wrought in the dejected feelings of Roland by what the Doctor had said, nor by Eric's utterances; the only effect was to enable him to express himself freely.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW PILLORY AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

THE swallows were flocking together and twittering over Villa Eden, over the jail not far from the house of the Justice, over the military club-house in the capital, and wherever they flocked, everybody was talking of Sonnenkamp, of what had happened and of what would happen to him.

In the basement, in the large room near the kitchen, Sonnenkamp's domestics were sitting at table. Bertram's chair was vacant. Somebody was saying that the porter would have to scrape the writing off the wall, and that he had already given the master notice that he should leave. The "chief," who spoke German quite fluently when he was in anger, was cursing the rascality of domestics in leaving their master, who had no farther to concern themselves than to get their regular pay. The Cooper contested this. Of course, the honor of the master was the honor of the servant, but they ought still to remain with Sonnenkamp; if there was a good deal in him that was bad, there was also much that was good. Joseph, whose personal opinion did not have its just weight, on account of his confidential relations with Sonnenkamp, was glad that the Cooper had hit the right point.

The second coachman, the Englishman, who also wanted to give notice of leaving, now said that he should not do it; but of course he must always be ready for a boxing-match.

The Squirrel expressed his fear that some one would set fire to the place, for the whole neighborhood was possessed by the devil. Lootz was not there, and nobody knew where the master had sent him. Old Ursel mourned over the innocent children, at the same time eating away with a fearful appetite, and uttering loudest lamentations with her mouth full.

The stuttering gardener made the proposal that they should remain, but should make a joint demand for higher wages.

All agreed to do this, except Joseph and the Cooper, but were puzzled how it could be brought about.

The subterraneans were unanimous in their eulogies of Franken. He was a nobleman whose like could not be found, who did not desert the master for a single moment. He had ridden out with him in the broad daylight, and did not concern himself as to what his noble relatives might say of him.

Here, underground, they were also glad to know that men were ungrateful and base. It was even known here that Sonnenkamp had made a present of the Villa to the Cabinetsrath, for what the latter had given for it was only a trifling sum; and now the gardener of the Cabinetsrath had reported that the country-house and the vineyard had just been sold to the American Consul, as a sort of gibe at Sonnenkamp; for the family of the Cabinetsrath wished to have no more intercourse with Villa Eden.

In just the same way, although by men of a different position in society, were Sonnenkamp's circumstances discussed in the military club-house of the capital, as well as in the beer-houses. For some time, Adams, the negro servant of the Prince, had everywhere been the topic of conversation. There were various wonderful stories how five men were hardly able to restrain the raving negro; that he had tried to choke Sonnenkamp, — only with the greatest difficulty had they succeeded in getting him out of the capital, and removing him to a hunting-seat. Then the conversation would turn upon Sonnenkamp. Everybody asked what he would do now; no one could understand how it was that Franken stood by him, and how the family permitted such a thing. In the military club-house there was also an Ursel, but here she took the form of a pensioned lady of high rank, who also ate heartily, and, while eating, spoke very compassionately of the poor children of the millionaire.

But the conversation took a very peculiar turn in the house of Dr. Richard, where they were to-day giving a great coffee-party in honor of Frau Weidmann, who had come on a visit; it had been arranged several days before, and the Professorin, Aunt Claudine, Frau Ceres, and Manna had been invited; of course they did not come. Here and there they were earnestly discussing how they should treat the Sonnenkamp family, if they had the audacity not to leave the country as soon as possible.

Lina, who had returned from the trip with her betrothed, said that she would be

the same in Sonnenkamp's family that she had always been, and that she would remain Manna's friend; for wherever the Professorin was, there any one might maintain social intercourse without detriment to one's honor.

The tone of the conversation became kindly as Frau Weidmann gave unreserved support to Lina; she spoke of the noble character of Roland, who had been on a visit to her house, and of the solid worth of Eric, whom her husband held in very high esteem.

Thus every one in the house, as well as in the neighborhood, seemed to be putting himself right, and adopting a moderate, kindly tone towards the Sonnenkamp family. But the bitter, detestable consequences of the occurrence manifested themselves in the green cottage on Sunday morning.

During the hour before mass, the indigent neighbors used to come for their regular weekly allowance; to-day there came only one solitary woman, in a sorry plight. She was a drunkard's wife, who was forever complaining and lamenting; she was constantly fretting about two children, one of which she held in her arms, and the other she led by her side.

It was only with some difficulty that the Professorin had brought herself to furnish assistance to this woman, because she was afraid that the drunkard would only be made more shiftless by so doing; she had yielded to the persuasion of Fräulein Milch, though she generally cut the talkative woman short. But she had to listen patiently to-day, now that the woman came alone and no others were there. The Professorin trembled when the woman said to her: —

"Yes, yes, such is the world! It's a topsy-turvy world. My husband makes wife and children unhappy because he squanders everything, and Herr Sonnenkamp makes wife and children unhappy because he has got everything. Yes, just so! It's a world turned upside down."

She assured the Professorin that she would take none of the gold of the slave-trader, if she could help herself in any other way.

And out of this gold my son is to enrich himself, said the Professorin, to herself, sitting there alone soon afterwards, as the bells were ringing. She sat quiet for a long time. Then Eric came in and said:

"Ah mother, another dreadful thing has happened!"

"Something new? Still another dreadful thing? What has happened?"

"He was bold and defiant; he went to church with Franken."

"Who did?"

"Herr Sonnenkamp. And when he came out of the church, there stood all the people in a row, looking at him. He went up to a poor man and handed him a gold piece; the poor man took the money, and then threw it away, exclaiming: 'I will have nothing from you!' And they all cried out: 'We want nothing more from you! Take yourself out of the country.' Sonnenkamp went away, the piece of gold is still lying there before the church door, and no one will pick it up. O mother, the people are great and horrible at the same time."

"Did you see it too? Where did you hear about it? Were you too at the church?"

"No; Manna and Roland told me, and now they are sitting in the garden together, and weeping. I have hastened to you, for you only can help us. Comfort them, strengthen them."

"I have done all I can," said the Mother; "I am too weak, and I am afraid I shall be ill."

Eric called his aunt to remain with his mother, and returned to Roland and Manna.

The Doctor was sent for that very afternoon. The Professorin was sick.

CHAPTER XV.

A WHOLESOME ILLNESS.

SHE whom all depended upon, to whom every one repaired, sure of care and assistance, — she was now unexpectedly in want of assistance herself, and was in a dangerous condition. The remarkable events and vicissitudes some had begun to overcome by means of their youthful strength, by stern defiance, and others by indifference; the Professorin alone felt a constant gnawing at her heart day and night.

Eric had remarked several days before, although he ascribed it to the sudden shock she had received, that his mother, when he was walking before her hand in hand with Manna, took everything cordially and kindly, but still dully, and as if weighed down by some feeling of depression. His mother was in the habit of seeking help from no one, she had always the power of assisting others, and in this doing for others she always found renewed strength.

From the day on which Fräulein Milch made that communication to her, it had been different; she performed only mechanically the duties, which had previously been

executed with such freedom and animation.

From that day forth, she had determined to keep clear of every luxurious indulgence which this ostentatious man might feel like putting in her way, and this she would do in a modest and retiring manner; from that day forth she looked upon herself as a traveller receiving temporary hospitalities, for all the home feeling of comfort had been taken away from her. She was prepared at any hour to pack up all that she possessed, and all that was arranged in such a quiet way about her, and remove to some other place.

She had never in her life been troubled by regret, she had done nothing for which she could reproach herself, or the memory of which was to be effaced; but now she was beset by a constant feeling of regret.

Why had she been so thoughtless as to connect herself with such a mysterious and disintegrated family?

Joy and grief affected her by turns, like one suffering under the delirium of fever.

Eric's happiness in loving Manna and being so deeply loved, which before had excited within her such a blissful pleasure, she now listened to and looked upon with an almost forced interest; and when Bella had so deeply mortified her, she could scarcely make any resistance, for it seemed to her as if it concerned someone else, and had no relation to herself. Thus she lived estranged from herself, but made no complaint, hoping that everything would right itself. She had no idea that there was an inward disturbance and distraction which would show itself on the first favorable opportunity. Now, when the needy declined charity at her hands, that inexpressible sadness, so long hidden and repressed, broke forth. It seemed to her inexplicable that her only son, her all in this world, was to be engrafted into this family.

The Doctor had found the Mother in a state of febrile excitement; he gave her a composing draught; but the opinion which he expressed before Eric, Manna, and Roland, had a still more quieting effect. The Mother complained that she had never known how much people could be at variance with themselves and with others. The Doctor replied, with a smile, that people were not generally so nice in their housekeeping as she was, and, referring to Sonnenkamp, said that there is such a thing as a zone of mind, or whatever else you may choose to call it, which furnishes organizations entirely exotic, but which nevertheless have their natural conditions, as our customary, everyday ones have. The constant solitary speculation and refining of thought, the recur-

ring to her life with her husband, there thoroughly deep-seated melancholy of the noble woman showed itself in an increased sensitiveness and irritability; and it had reached such a point that fears were entertained for her life; something might occur which would be the occasion of suddenly extinguishing this flickering flame of life.

Eric, Manna, and Roland, trembling and apprehensive, surrounded the Mother with constant care, and in this anxiety for another, there was a great deliverance for themselves. The Doctor once said in the library to Eric:—

“If your mother had become sick on purpose, it would have been one of the wisest things she could have done; for it helps you all to get possession of yourselves.”

Sonnenkamp also expressed profound sympathy, but he felt provoked; it is not now the time for sickness, every one must now stand erect so as to bear up under the storm. After some days, however, he found the Professorin's illness very opportune; it took some time to get accustomed to the new order of things; he even admitted to himself directly, that he would not regret it much if the Professorin should die; that would produce a change of feeling, and in the mean while everything was getting better very fast.

Fräulein Milch did not suffer Manna to devote herself entirely to the Professorin as she wished to do, and she herself was the best of nurses.

The Major went about in utter desolation. More than any one else, not even excepting the children, he was the most deeply affected, perhaps, by the disclosure of Sonnenkamp's past life.

“The world is right; that is, Fräulein Milch is right,” he was all the time saying. “She has told me all along that I don't know men, and she's right.”

In the mean while, he found a good place of refuge; he went to see Weidmann, at Mattenheim, for a couple of days.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BLACK WAVE.

ON Sunday evening a bustling crowd was streaming along the white road, up and down the banks of the river, and to and fro between the vineyards, all seeming to have one end in view.

Sonnenkamp, wrapped in his cloak, was sitting on the flat roof of his house, gazing with a sensation of dizziness upon the surrounding landscape. Once he walked to the eaves. His brain reeled, and he wanted to throw himself off.

So then it was all over, the hard thinking and everything! Nevertheless he stepped back again, and sat upon the flat roof until nightfall.

Suddenly his ear was struck by howls, cat-calls, hootings, rattling and clashing, as though hell itself had been let loose.

He sprang to his feet. Are these sounds within him? Is this all imagination? He hears them distinctly; the noise comes from beneath. It rises from the road, and he descries by the torchlight fantastic figures with black faces. Is that, too, only imagination? Have they come hither from the other world, those creatures with human forms?

“You must leave the country!”

“Begone to your blacks!”

“We'll fetch him out, and paint him black too!”

“And we'll tie him on his black nag, and lead him through the country, shouting: ‘Look at him!’”

Then followed more whistling, bawling, crashing, rattling, and a sharp, jangling sound, produced by banging pots and kettles together. It was a most infernal din.

Then arose in Sonnenkamp's memory a vision of the past,—the image of a man accused of having incited slaves to revolt, driven through the streets, naked, tarred and feathered, pelted with rotten apples and cabbage stumps. The scene changed, and on the gallows hung John Brown.

The report of a gun was heard, and the voice of Franken, crying:—

“Shoot the dogs down! I'll take the responsibility!”

Only one more shot resounded; then the raging mob came surging against the gate, which gave way with a crash, and in rushed the frantic rabble, all with black faces, and the cry arose:—

“We'll choke the whole of 'em!”

“Where is he?”

“Give him up, or we'll smash everything to pieces!”

Sonnenkamp hastened down from the roof through the house, and, standing on the open balcony, heard Eric's voice, warning the crowd in powerful tones:—

“Are you men? Are you Germans? Who has made judges of you? Speak! I will answer you. You are bringing misery upon yourselves. You will be recognized and detected, in spite of your blackened faces. To-morrow will come the appointed judge; for we live in a well-governed country, and you are all of you amenable to the law.”

“We don't want to touch the Captain!” cried a voice from the crowd.

Eric continued, —

"If there is one among you who can tell what you want, let him come forward."

A man with blackened face, whom Eric did not recognize, stepped forth and said, —

"Captain, it's me, the Screamer; let me speak. The new wine has got into our folks' heads below there. I'm as sober as a cat," added he, stammering.

"But what do they want?"

"They wish that Herr Sonnenkamp, or whatever his name is, should leave our part of the country, and go where he belongs."

"Yes! Let him take himself off!"

"And give me back my meadow!"

"And me my vineyard!"

"And me my house!"

Such were the cries uttered by the mob.

Claus quickly joined Eric on the steps, and called to the rabble, —

"If you go on shouting out such crazy stuff, and speaking all together, I'll be the first to choke any one who tries to get into the house."

"Let him be off!"

"Let him clear out!" "Hustle him out!" was the general cry.

Just as this was yelled forth, Sonnenkamp appeared on the steps. The howling, shrieking, and kettle-banging began anew; stones crashed through the great window-panes.

The Screamer, hastening up the steps, placed himself before Sonnenkamp, saying, —

"Keep still: I'll protect you."

Then he shouted, yet more violently, —

"If you say one word more, and if every man doesn't hold his neighbor, so that he can't move his arms, I'll be the first to shoot you down, without caring whether I hit the innocent or the guilty."

"Men, what have I done to you?" cried Sonnenkamp.

"Cannibal!"

"Kidnapper!"

"Slave dealer!"

"And if I were," exclaimed Sonnenkamp, "what gives you the right to judge me?"

"You must clear out of this!"

"Make yourself scarce!" was the cry from beneath.

"Herr Sonnenkamp, and you, Captain," said Claus, hastily addressing them both, "I only joined this savage troop, because I saw it was no use trying to hold them back, but I've caught them by the halter, and if you'll just leave everything to me, we'll make a carnival sport out of the whole concern. You speak first, Captain, and I beg you to keep still, Herr Sonnenkamp."

"My men," began Eric, "let the stones alone. Do you know the great word, —

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone!" Has not every one of you done something that —"

"We've never sold men! Oh! the ogre!" they cried from below.

Eric could say no more. At this juncture Manna appeared, holding a branched candlestick with two lighted candles. A cry of astonishment went through the crowd; then all was still for a second, all eyes being rivetted on the girl as she stood there, pale, with sparkling eyes and dishevelled hair.

Roland, placing himself beside Eric, called out in a voice which resounded far and wide, —

"Stone us! Tear us in pieces! Come on; we are unarmed!"

"We don't want to hurt the children!"

"But the man-seller must begone!"

"Yes, he must clear out!"

"Be off!"

Again the tumult seemed increasing, the rioters pushing one another forward. All at once they recoiled, even those upon the steps shrinking back. Beneath the great door-way a white-robed form appeared, and her hair was gray.

The noisy wretches in the court were struck dumb, gazing upward with glances of amazement. Those assembled on the steps, turning round, saw the Professorin, standing there like a being from another world, from the boundless space of Eternity. Stepping quietly to the balustrade, she first raised and then lowered her hands as in blessing, as if calming the stormy waves. Profound silence reigned, and she spoke in tones which might be heard a great way off:

"No man can expiate his brother's sin by wrong-doing. Do not sin yourselves. Restrain yourselves, lest to-morrow you weep over to-day."

Her voice grew more powerful, as she said: —

"Conquer yourselves!"

Laying her hand on Sonnenkamp's shoulder, she said, in sonorous tones: —

"I promise you that this man, who has already done good, shall perform a deed so great as to reconcile you all to him. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, we believe the Professorin!"

"Hurrah for the Professorin! Huzza! Huzza!"

"Come along home! It's enough!"

A man carrying a drum struck up a march, when, just as the mob was about to depart, something came rattling along, helmets gleamed, the fire-engine came up, and a jet of water suddenly spouted over them all. A like shower came from the other side; for

Joseph had hastened to the head-gardener's, and the hose was now used with effect. The stream from either side rose high into the air, and they all went off, grumbling, laughing, and cursing.

The men were still standing on the steps, and Eric was the first to speak, saying:—

"Mother, you here? And from your sick-bed? This may cause your death."

"No, my son, it has given life to me, to you, to all, and purity to all. I am ill no longer; a great and beautiful and fortunate deed has saved me."

Sonnenkamp, taking off his cloak, wrapped the Professorin in it, and they led the old lady, whose eyes shone wonderfully, into the great hall, where she sat down, while they all stood around her as about a saint.

Manna, kneeling before her, took her hands, and wept copious tears upon them.

"Now I only beg for quiet," said the Professorin. "I am calm; give me no further excitement now. I heard it, I know not how; I came hither, I know not how. Something called and impelled me, and it has ended well. Oh, believe that everything will yet turn out for the best. Herr Sonnenkamp, give me your hand. I have something to say to you."

"I will fulfil whatever you may command."

"You must do something, although I do not yet know what, in order to pacify the minds of these people."

"I will. I will summon a jury, in the choice of which you must assist me. To them I will unfold my life, and into their hands I will leave the decision of what is to be done."

"That is a happy idea. To-morrow we will carry it out. Now it is enough," said the Professorin, in a tone soothing to the others and to herself. "Manna, go to your mother," added she.

Manna left the room.

It was late before those assembled in the Villa separated. The Professorin must spend the night there. Sonnenkamp would not have it otherwise. He gave her the best room in the house, and Eric sat by his mother's bed until she fell asleep.

But without, on the banks of the Rhine, stood a multitude, washing their black faces clean again, and recovering from the effects of the new wine. In the night a black wave rolled past the Villa, and down the river to the sea.

Oh! If the black deed could only be thus wiped off, and sunk in the ocean of Eternity!

FREEDOM FROM CONSUMPTION IN THE HEBRIDES.—Dr. M'Nab has opportunely produced a pamphlet on "Immunity from Consumption in the Hebrides." Very recently, a controversy has been carried on in the *British Medical Journal* between Dr. MacCormac and Dr. Leared about the cause of phthisis. Dr. MacCormac assumes to have proved that the exciting cause of the disease is invariably rebreathed air; while Dr. Leared adduced, in opposition, the case of Iceland, in which country people live in the worst ventilated houses possible, and are yet, on good authority, stated to enjoy a remarkable exemption from the disease. Dr. M'Nab writes, with the authority, the *British Medical Journal* observes, of one to whom the facts of the case are well known, that the Hebrides are also all but free from the scourge. He is borne out in this by the previous researches of Dr. Morgan, and by the statements made by Dr. Christison in the address delivered by him in 1863 as President of the Public Health Department of the Social Science Association. Dr. Buchanan has lately asserted that, even in this country, the prevalence of phthisis is notably affected by the nature of the soil upon which people dwell. It may yet turn out that the true etiology of the

disease will be determined from a consideration of such local peculiarities. It is the opinion of Dr. M'Nab that the absence of pulmonary consumption in the Hebrides is ascribable to the great abundance of marine algæ. He thinks that a great evolution of oxygen occurs from this vegetation which renders the atmosphere unusually oxygenated. Admitting this to be a fact, which we are by no means prepared to do, we cannot agree in the explanation given. The carbon theory of the production of phthisis must be first assumed, to make this view tenable; and the theory in question, as already hinted, we hold to be "not proven." We must nevertheless congratulate Dr. M'Nab on having produced an essay valuable for the facts which it has put before the profession. Public Opinion.

By the following operation, says the *Rural World*, a fowl will be dead at once and the flesh white:—Open the bill and insert a sharp, narrow blade into the back part of the roof, severing the vertebræ; then hang up by the legs and let it bleed clean.

From The Saturday Review.

VEITCH'S MEMOIR OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.*

(First Notice.)

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S reputation is at the present moment suffering excessive depreciation. This is to be attributed, as its immediate cause, to Mr. Mill's critical review. The more remote, but original, cause lies in the circumstance that his celebrity was, not too great, but one of indefinite attribution. In the money-market undue inflation is followed by a reaction to an equally unreasoning depreciation of all securities; indefinite credit breeding equally indefinite mistrust. So it is in literature. Sir W. Hamilton was known to the public as a "great philosopher." But no definite idea of the peculiar kind of greatness was entertained. So that when Mr. Mill's assault came, the greatness exploded, and the public "sold out" with as little reason as they had before "bought in." The crisis, however, will pass. Sir W. Hamilton will be restored, not to popular worship, but to a noble niche in the temple of fame. His place in that temple, is that, not of the founder of a system, or of an innovator on established modes of thought, but that of a transmitter of what has been thought and said. As a scholar and a man of learning, his acquirements were unequalled, in this country, in our time. And a unique position is not only apprehended with difficulty, but is especially liable to misconstruction and detraction.

The present Memoir will do much towards reinstating Sir W. Hamilton in his legitimate place in general estimation. It is not very long. For though it might have been compressed, yet it contrasts favourably in this respect with the two-volume biographies in which the affection of sorrowing relatives is apt to entomb the memory of the departed. It is interesting. The writer, Professor Veitch, has succeeded in blending the domestic with the intellectual life of Sir W. Hamilton, in one graphic picture, as biographers rarely do succeed. It is in the proper key; respectful towards its subject, while free from the panegyric and honorific excesses into which the zeal of discipleship so frequently hurries the pen of the chronicler who is at once pupil and family friend.

Sir W. Hamilton's was not a life of inci-

dent. He was born in 1788, and died in 1856, in his sixty-eighth year. The span of life thus allotted to him was laid out with a rare consistency of pursuit. It was divided between his study and his lecture-room; between the acquisition and the dispensation of knowledge. It was not till 1836, in his forty-eighth year, that he was able to obtain the position for which he was so eminently qualified, and to which he may be said to have had a natural right—namely, a University chair. It is impossible, indeed, to read the record of his fruitless attempts to obtain a professorship, and his final success by a majority of four (eighteen to fourteen) over a very inferior competitor, without a bitter feeling of our national neglect of the interests of the higher education. Sir William was an Oxford man, a Snell Exhibitioner of Balliol, and was in the First Class in 1810. For six-and-twenty years after this he was competing unsuccessfully for poorly paid chairs in Scotland. By the time he was forty he had become widely recognized as the most learned scholar of his day in the history of philosophy. And all this while the richly-endowed chairs and headships of his own University were filled by men who neither taught nor knew any science; while fellowships—life-pensions better than many a Scotch professorship—were given away in batches to young men of five-and-twenty, whose whole stock of knowledge consisted of half a dozen Greek and Latin authors.

During these twenty-six years Hamilton, who had inherited no private fortune with the baronetcy, had to trust to the Bar for support. His professional practice was respectable, though not large. His legal acquirements were not inconsiderable, including a thorough knowledge of the civil law. His opinion in antiquarian cases, including the history of teinds, was esteemed. But while his political views, as a Whig, excluded him from any share in the numerous legal appointments at the disposal of Government, his intellectual pursuits and his scholarly repute were positive disrecommendations to the agents who have the making of the young advocate. The wearisome pacing to and fro of the Parliament House was soon abandoned, and with it the best chance of a brief, for those underground recesses in which were then stored the choice treasures of the Advocates' Library. There was open to him literature. But periodical writing was not then the regular and paying profession it has since become. And Hamilton's acquirements were of that solid kind that were not easily minted into current coin. Under compulsion he could write

* *Memoir of Sir W. Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.* By John Veitch, M. A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Son. 1869.

with great rapidity, yet he took up his pen with great reluctance, and required an outward stimulus to engage him in composition. Such a stimulus was supplied by his marriage in 1829, and, as a Whig, the *Edinburgh Review* was open to him. The *Edinburgh* occupied then a high position, being in the hands of a man of distinct literary taste, and a personal interest in questions of speculative philosophy — Mr. Macvey Napier. Mr. Napier lost no time in applying to Sir William, or rather compelling him to write against his inclination. He even selected the subject, the *Cours de Philosophie* of M. Cousin, then at the head of the first philosophical movement in France after the discouragements of the Empire and the Restoration. The famous essay on "The Philosophy of the Unconditioned," which first made Continental thinkers aware that speculative knowledge was not extinct in Scotland, was hastily written under pressure from without. M. Cousin himself, of whose doctrine it was a refutation, admitted that it was a masterpiece, procured its translation into French, and commenced a correspondence which led to a warm friendship between him and Sir William.

From 1829 to 1836, Hamilton's biography is the history of his contributions to the *Edinburgh*. Each of them was an event. His article on Oxford, 1831, contributed not a little to the fact of the Oxford Commission of 1852, and in one important particular determined the direction of the Report of that Commission. In 1836 came his successful attempt on the Chair of Logic. Instead of entreating his acceptance of this not very distinguished post — it had been held for some years by a Dr. Ritchie — Hamilton was under the necessity of propitiating a body of thirty-three respectable citizens of Edinburgh, chiefly engaged in trade. His testimonials, including an inflated one from Victor Cousin, were overwhelming. But they did not, it was complained by the Town Council, afford evidence of his being a religious man. He was reputed to be a great reader of "German philosophy." His philosophical style was "obscure" — to the Town Council of Edinburgh. He declined to "mendicate the votes" of the patrons by the personal solicitation either of himself or friends. It might have been thought that his candidature was as hopeless as it had been in 1820, when the author of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* was preferred to him as a Professor of "Moral Philosophy." It would have been so, but that a powerful champion was raised up in the person of Adam Black, then City Treasurer. Mr.

Black's indignation was roused by the attempt to make the election one of theological party, and he came to the rescue. Professor Veitch also hints that, though Sir William was unflinching in his abstinence from personal canvass, his friends were more worldly-wise.

Sir William occupied the Logic chair for twenty years. From his appointment began a new epoch, not only in the University of Edinburgh, but far beyond its limits. Fresh active thought on philosophical themes had ceased as a power in Scotland. The impetus which Hume and Reid had given to speculation, and which Dugald Stewart had propagated, was apparently spent. Logic had ceased to be taught in the chairs nominally assigned to it, and the higher problems of metaphysics were entirely strange. The aim of philosophical teaching had come to be regarded, as in the English Universities, as a discipline of the faculties by means of composition on general themes. Philosophy had died of inanition. With Sir W. Hamilton began a new life for speculation, and a fresh impulse to the students. He had the art of inspiring and impressing young minds, opening up to them new fields of thought and vision, and giving principles and convictions which passed into their intellectual and religious life, to an extent which has very rarely been equalled by any academic teacher. In class drill, or disciplinary exercises, he was surpassed by many. He did little by way of interrogation, and had not even much power of oral explanation or illustration. Formal discipline lay in an inferior sphere. Hamilton's power consisted in inspiring in the students the interest he himself felt in the problems of philosophy. The Scottish speculation of the last century, when it is considered to have been most flourishing, had been too ignorant of the past. A superficial acquaintance with Aristotle, probably gained from a Latin version, was the utmost that either Reid or Brown had possessed. In Sir W. Hamilton the relation of present to past thought found, for the first time, a living exponent. He did not select striking or favorite parts of his subject, but was able to mark out from the outset the various departments of philosophy, and to develop each branch in its due subordination to the whole. He made a strong demand on the attention of every student. But when once this was given, the listener was naturally carried on from the more elementary to the more advanced parts of the subject. Those who had an aptitude for it were aroused even to enthusiasm. The style of his lectures was naturally not so condensed as that

of his published writings. It was a combination of passages of precise, technical, exactly correct expositions, with interspersed passages of mingled eloquence and quotation from Plato, or Pascal, or Malebranche, from Boethius, or Sir John Davies.

But Hamilton's class were not let off with the mere passive exercise of listening. There was plenty of work for them. He did not follow the usual practice of catechetical repetition. He required each student to prepare the last lecture in such a way as to be ready, if called up, to give an abstract of any part of it which might be selected by the Professor, without the promptings of consecutive questions. They were encouraged to add of their own, on these occasions, what was called "additional information," i. e., subjects connected with the lectures. There were often several lectures in arrear, and the student had to be prepared to take up at any point. Some of the lectures contained long series of minute and extremely subtle discriminations, such as the thirty-three distinctions between mediate and immediate knowledge, and the thirty-one between the primary and secondary qualities of body. The effort of preparation for these oral examinations was a most invigorating one to those who made it, for it was impossible to remember the lectures without understanding them. The mere *memoriter* men were sure to break down. Besides this, essays might be sent in, extracts from which, strictly limited to five minutes, might be read before the class. Prizes for essays were also given, and awarded at the end of the session by the votes of the class.

The power of the teacher was seconded by the fascination of the man. He was unpretending, even silent, in general society. He did not shine as a talker. His manner as a lecturer was characterized by dignity, earnestness, simplicity. He did not assume the pomp of learned pedantry. His superiority was felt by the students, but not because he made it felt. Courteous and unaffected, ready to answer difficulties, he was warmly loved by pupils who never saw him but in the chair, and never exchanged more than a few unimportant words with him. During the session it was his custom to invite parties of students to his house in Great King Street. Dr. Cairns remembers one of these evenings when, assailed by successive groups of querists, he stood for hours with his back against his bookshelves, and met all comers with that unconsciousness of his greatness which was the charm of his society.

Hamilton had thus far found his way, late in life, to his proper work. But the day was too far spent, and the happiness of unimpeded energy was broken up by failing power. In 1844 the strong man was struck down by paralysis. Though only in his fifty-sixth year, he had taxed his strength to the utmost, not to say abused it. His enormous accumulation of knowledge had been purchased by midnight study. At Oxford, in 1808, he had made a resolution to rise always at six. But it was not adhered to. Late hours and prolonged work at night became the rule. During session he gave three lectures a week, and each lecture was written the night before. The lecture-hour was one o'clock, and the lecturer seldom got to bed before five or six. Frequently he had to be up before nine in order to attend the Teind Court. This was too great a tax upon the strongest physique. Few students who have ventured on the practice have lived, like Leibnitz, to be seventy-eight. The seizure — hemiplegia of the right side — was sudden and severe. Though speech was rendered difficult, the mental faculties were untouched; his wonderful memory, in particular, remaining unimpaired. Though he rallied from the attack, he never became again the man he had been. Though he resumed not only the labours of the study, but the work of the classes, it was evident that the mind alone sustained the failing body in the effort. He had to be carried or assisted up the stairs to the class-room. He would have been glad to retire. But a Scotch Professorship is attended with no retiring pension, and Sir William had no private means. Application was made under these circumstances to Lord Palmerston, to place Sir William on the list of Sir Robert Peel's fund, by which 1,200*l.* is annually granted to persons eminent in science and literature. The application was refused by both the Whig Premiers, not without circumstances of indignity. Lord Palmerston characteristically thought that novelists had a better claim to relief. Lord Russell offered Sir William 100*l.*, at the same time that he bestowed, unasked, 300*l.* on John Wilson (Christopher North), who had been a bitter enemy of the Liberal cause, and had held for five-and-twenty years a chair of Philosophy to which he never ought to have been appointed. Afterwards 100*l.* a year was obtained for Lady Hamilton, and this was all the recognition that Sir W. Hamilton ever received from the country. He was accordingly compelled to drudge on with the duties of the class-room, long after he had ceased to be equal to the work they

imposed. Even with the professorship, it is hard to conceive how he contrived to bring up a family, and amass a valuable collection of books. The income of the professorship never amounted to 500*l.*, and this was burdened for the first seven years with a pension of 100*l.* to Dr. Ritchie. He was constrained to the humiliation of applying for some inferior legal office which he might unite with the professorship, such as that of Deputy Keeper of the Great Seal, or Clerk of the Court of Session. He was passed over on both occasions. He had chosen his vocation, and it was clearly enough intimated to him that he must abide by it—to know and to starve. Of barren honour he had enough. One honorary title he enjoyed, which was probably unique. Being a layman, he was a D. D. of Leyden. The fame of learning brought curious strangers. A man "engaged in trade," from South Shields, followed him from Edinburgh to Dumbartonshire, where he was spending the summer, to get him to write his name in a copy of the *Discursions*, and then returned without caring to visit even Loch Lomond.

In 1853 he had an accident; he fell and broke his arm, and his system received a shock from which it never completely recovered. He dragged himself painfully through the work of the session 1854-5, and spent his last summer, 1855, at Auchtertool, a retired spot in Fifeshire. The depression of health and spirits was now become sadly evident. The Memoir of Dugald Stewart, which he had engaged to write for his edition of the Works, weighed heavily on his mind. He returned to Edinburgh, and made a desperate effort to get through the work of the session. He succeeded. But the work had exhausted all his remaining force. He died on May 5, 1856, of congestion of the brain, aged sixty-eight.

Sir William Hamilton was not a sayer of good things, but characteristic traits of the man are scattered in abundance over the pages of Professor Veitch's interesting volume. Of the contributors of reminiscences the best are Dr. Cairns and Professor Spencer Baynes. Dr. Cairns suppresses, however, what we should most have liked to have had—his opinions on men and things uttered in perfect freedom. His daughter's record of his domestic habits is a most melancholy one, on account of the struggles of the vigorous mind with the prison-house of the body. To go up or down stairs was a labour to him, and he carried on his study in the room used by all the family. His power of absorption was so great that he had often to be spoken to more than

once before he could be made to hear. He established himself on a sofa, with the books he required for the day within easy distance. There he made his first notes in pencil, and dictated what he wished to write afterwards to an amanuensis. The amanuensis was usually his daughter. In earlier years Lady Hamilton had alone discharged this fatiguing office. No account, however brief, of Sir William Hamilton ought to omit to pay a tribute to the devoted love and care by which he was attended, in sickness and in health, by Lady Hamilton. Without her he never would have done what he did. She had been much to him before his illness. In his helpless state she became well-nigh all to him. He did not talk on politics, though in the Crimean campaign he had the newspapers read straight through to him. Otherwise his relaxation was having novels or travels read to him. He was particularly fond of works of the imaginative type—*Frankenstein*, the *Ancient Mariner*, and Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. He was as fond of fairy tales as a child. He was easily moved by the pathetic and the comic. Even in the class-room, his sense of the ludicrous sometimes overcame professional propriety, and the fit of laughter was for the time absolutely uncontrollable. His reading had supplied him with rich bits of pathos, which he was fond of repeating with enjoyment. There was a tenderness about him which enhanced even slight words of affection. His family were attached to him, and people who stayed in the house were always fond of him. Nothing made him more angry than ill-treatment of animals; in driving, he was very careful of horses. We conclude with the odd fact that he could take laudanum in almost any quantity—500 drops—without being sensibly affected.

From The Saturday Review.
NEWLY DISCOVERED WRITINGS OF DEFOE.*

A RECENT discovery has been the means not only of adding a new chapter to the history of Defoe, but of bringing about little less than a revolution in the estimate in which his character has been popularly held. The thanks of the public are due to Mr. Lee for the pains with which he has followed the clue thus unexpectedly afforded. His own partiality or admiration makes him in-

* *Daniel Defoe: his Life and Recently Discovered Writings, extending from 1716 to 1729.* By William Lee. 3 vols. London: J. C. Hotten. 1899.

deed scarcely sensible of the havoc which his revelations must inevitably play with the reputation of his idol. He would otherwise hardly have ceased from his labours with so complacent an impression that he had removed every stain and speck from the surface of the image. Nevertheless, whatever critical value we may attach to his judgment in this respect, there can be no two opinions as to the importance of the materials which his industry and zeal have placed at our disposal. It has generally been taken for granted, on the authority of the biographers of Defoe, that for seventeen years before his death he had altogether retired from the political world. Having stood for a whole generation in the foremost rank of polemics, he was supposed to have spent the remainder of his years in peaceful literary seclusion, absorbed in the composition of the works of fiction which have made his name famous throughout the world. An accidental discovery has done much to fill up this hiatus in the career of this most indefatigable of writers. Half a dozen letters unexpectedly came to light, in Defoe's handwriting, in the State Paper Office, four years ago. They were all seemingly addressed to Charles De la Fay, Esq., of the Secretary of State's Office. Of their genuineness there appears to be no doubt. Their dates range from the 12th of April to the 13th of June, 1718, and they demonstrate conclusively that the political life of Defoe had not closed at that period. These letters, on their discovery, appeared in the *London Review*, forming the text for some disparaging reflections on the character and conduct of Defoe. They were subsequently printed in *Notes and Queries* at the instance of Mr. William Lee, by whom they were followed up in a series of articles, pointing out the historical and political bearing of these new facts in the writer's career, and vindicating the morality of his conduct. With these materials at his command, it is not surprising that, to the mind of so ardent an admirer of Defoe's genius, there should have appeared at once "the occasion for an entirely new chapter in the History of Defoe's Life and Times." Not only was a clear light thrown upon a point hitherto dimly apprehended, viz., the nature of Defoe's secret or official employment under the Government, but also upon the fact of his connection with several political journals and his authorship of many pamphlets not before suspected to be his. Mr. Lee's attention was immediately drawn to the serial publications upon which Defoe had thus avowedly engaged himself—namely, *Mercurius Politicus*, *Dormer's News-Letter*, and

Mist's Weekly Journal. He was thence led to extend his investigations to others of Defoe's hitherto unknown journalistic writings. Travelling, with the aid of the clue thus attained, over the general field of newspaper and pamphlet literature spread over fifty years, he has succeeded in identifying and collecting a series of essays, letters, and articles from the fertile pen of this great writer, amounting, after much selection and omission, to upwards of three hundred and fifty. These he has now had printed in two octavo volumes of goodly size. He has omitted much of a transitory or personal character that might have illustrated the political history of the period, from a belief that "party contention would not necessarily be acceptable merely because it had been written by Defoe." His extracts are, consequently, more historical than political. Their contents are highly miscellaneous, both in style and subject—imaginative, humorous, amatory, ironical, religious, and moral. Writing, as Defoe did, on topics of popular interest as they daily arose, there is, as his editor fairly urges, a peculiar freshness in the author's relation of incidents, and his comments thereon. Articles and narratives are accumulated here in the most graphic and charming style—on the Rebellion of 1715 and the subsequent proceedings of the Pretender and his adherents, on commerce and trade, the South Sea scheme and the bursting of the bubble, with other epidemic economical and social delusions; on the plague in France, and on offences political and criminal, with their punishment. Interspersed throughout will be found a multitude of anecdotes, answers to correspondents, and scraps of current news, all eminently characteristic of the writer's mental fertility and sense of humour. The notices and advertisements of new books or pamphlets in these newspapers furnished a key to the exact dates when the greater part of his works, whether acknowledged or not, were written. Thus the catalogue of Defoe's writings had to be revised throughout. The new list included by Mr. Lee in his first volume may be pronounced by far the most exhaustive and trustworthy that has ever been compiled, both with respect to the authenticity of each piece and its place in order of chronology. From the list in Lowndes Mr. Lee seems to reject more than sixty; from that prefixed by Mr. Wilson to his *Life of Defoe*, thirty, including three duplicates with altered titles—a common habit with Defoe—entered by him as distinct works. From Mr. Hazlitt's series of works, believed by him to be genuine, twelve have been rejected, while

seven which he had conceived to be spurious have been retained. The entire number finally included amounts to two hundred and fifty separate works. Other writings of Defoe may very possibly, his editor thinks, be yet discovered. But Mr. Lee is entitled by his diligent and critical researches to believe that his catalogue as now corrected and supplemented is, as far as it goes, correct. These additional facts in the history of Defoe, together with the correction of standing errors as regards much of his voluminous literary labour, could only find their proper cohesion and unity in a totally new and connected memoir of the author; and to this undertaking Mr. Lee has accordingly addressed himself, with praiseworthy fulness as respects each stage of his idol's private life or every feat of his intellectual power, but with irreparable, though involuntary, damage to his reputation for candour or simple honesty.

It is strange that Toland's charge against Defoe of writing the monthly journal, *Mercurius Politicus*, should never have been regarded as a clue to be followed up by the biographers of Defoe. That paper was not commenced till the year 1716. Yet so fixed was the idea that Defoe had ceased from political writing a year before, that even Mr. Lee had followed the habit of "summarily rejecting all pamphlets of later date offered him by booksellers as Defoe's." The second of the letters to Mr. De la Fay not only establishes the fact of his connexion with that and other periodicals, but also the exact circumstances under which Defoe engaged himself as a tool of the Government. As early as 1707 Defoe, it is well known, had taken secret service under Harley, to whom he had been introduced after his Western tour and his telling defence of the Queen and the Ministry. A couple of letters now first printed from the original MSS. in the British Museum throw further light upon this point. Defoe here thanks his benefactor for the "exceeding bounty" he has recently received. Frankly acknowledging that he does not see the merit which his "unknown rewarders are pleased to value in his mean performances," he professes that the most he wishes, and which he hopes to answer for, is that he shall always preserve the "homely, despicable title of an honest man." These words seem almost ironical when read in the light of the contract which we find him entering into with Lord Townshend's government seven years later. It requires partiality or partisanship as strong as Mr. Lee's to state calmly, and even to defend from the faintest censure, the terms

of this engagement. Acting secretly in the capacity, if not under the title, of Censor of the Public Journals, Defoe was yet to maintain, as heretofore, his relations with publishers and political organs, though "the world was not to be informed of this fact, but still consider him under displeasure, and separated from the Whigs." Defoe had, our readers will not need to be reminded, just been discharged by Chief Justice Parker from further proceedings in reference to his trial before the Court of King's Bench for a paper in the *Flying Post*. His biographer is unable to discover, either in the letters now brought to light or elsewhere, "any condition or stipulation, direct or indirect, that he should ever write a single word contrary to his conscience or to the principles which had directed his whole life," nor has he "found that he ever did so." His labours under such engagement will, it is thought, "by the present publication be made more capable of appreciation, and entitle him, irrespective of his many other claims, to the gratitude and admiration of posterity." Yet what was the nature of this pure and meritorious service? It was thought, his panegyrist mildly puts it, that he would be "better able to counteract the designs of disaffected journalists, and be more serviceable, than by appearing openly in support of the Government. The object was to prevent treasonable publications, by intercepting them before they reached the press, and by deleting that which was contrary to law, rather than (after the poison had been diffused throughout the nation) punishing the miserable printers and publishers, without being able to take hold of the writers." But an extract from the second of Defoe's own letters will best explain the nature of the work he had set himself to do:—

In considering, after this, which Way I might be rendered most useful to the Government; it was proposed by my Lord Townshend that I should still appear as if I were, as before, under the displeasure of the Government, and separated from the Whigs, and that I might be more serviceable in a kind of Disguise, than if I appeared openly; and upon this Foot a weekly Paper, which I was at first directed to write, in opposition to a scandalous Paper called the *Shift Shifted*, was laid aside, and the first Thing I engaged in, was a monthly Book called *Mercurius Politicus*, of which presently. In the interval of this, Dyer, the *News-Letter*-writer, having been dead, and Dornier his successor, being unable by his Troubles to carry on that Work; I had an offer of a Share in the Property, as well as in the Management of that Work.

I immediately acquainted my Lord Townshend of it, who, by Mr. Buckley, let me know it would be a very acceptable Piece of Service; for that Letter was really very prejudicial to the Public, and the most difficult to come at in a judicial Way in Case of Offence given. My Lord was pleased to add, by Mr. Buckley, that he would consider my Service in that Case, as he afterwards did.

Upon this I engaged in it; and that so far, that though the Property was not wholly my own, yet the Conduct and Government of the Style and News was so entirely in me, that I ventured to assure his Lordship the Sting of that mischievous Paper should be entirely taken out, though it was granted that the Style should continue Tory, as it was, that the Party might be amused, and not set up another, which would have destroyed the Design: And this Part I therefore take entirely on myself still.

This went on for a Year, before my Lord Townshend went out of the Office; and his Lordship, in Consideration of this Service, made me the Appointment which Mr. Buckley knows of, with promise of a further Allowance as Service presented.

My Lord Sunderland, to whose Goodness I had many Years ago been obliged, when I was in a secret Commission sent to Scotland, was pleased to approve and continue this Service, and the Appointment annexed; and, with his Lordship's Approbation, I introduced myself, in the Disguise of a Translator of the Foreign News, to be so far concerned in this weekly Paper of *Mist's*, as to be able to keep it within the Circle of a secret Management, also prevent the mischievous Part of it; and yet neither *Mist*, or any of those concerned with him, have the least Guess or Suspicion by whose direction I do it.

But here it becomes necessary to acquaint my Lord (as I hinted to you, Sir), that this Paper, called the *Journal*, is not in myself in Property, as the other, only in Management; with this express difference, that if anything happens to be put in without my Knowledge, which may give Offence, or if anything slips my Observation which may be ill taken, his Lordship shall be sure always to know whether he has a Servant to reprove, or a Stranger to correct.

Upon the whole, however, this is the consequence, that by this Management, the Weekly *Journal*, and *Dormer's Letter*, as also the *Mercurius Politicus*, which is in the same Nature of Management as the *Journal*, will be always kept (Mistakes excepted) to pass as Tory Papers, and yet be disabled and enervated, so as to do no Mischief, or give any Offence to the Government.

It must be said that Defoe found himself by no means easy in mind under the burden of this dirty work. He more than once speaks of it as "bowing in the House of Rimmon." "I am, Sir," he complains, "posted among Papists, Jacobites, and en-

raged High Tories, a generation who [*sic*] I profess my very soul abhors. I am obliged to hear traitorous expressions and outrageous words against His Majesty's person and his most faithful servants, and smile at it all as if I approved it." He is often "obliged to let things pass which are not a little shocking, that he may not render himself suspected," and he is possessed with a fear lest he may be "undone the sooner the more faithfully he executes the commands he is under." He sends at the same time "one of the letters stopped at the press." Of the MS. of "Sultan Galza, another villanous paper," he had sent a copy to Lord Sunderland, and offers the original if it can be of any service. In the third letter he is "much concerned that the *Journal* has copied from the *Post Boy* that ridiculous paragraph of the Pretender's being in the list of the Queen Dowager's legitimate children." "It is my duty to assure you, my Lord," he protests, "that I have no part in this slip, but that Mr. *Mist* did it, after I had looked over what he had gathered together, which it seems was not sufficient." And though he would, "if he may presume so far, intercede for him," yet he dwells upon the pains he is at "that if any mistake happened, my Lord should always know whether he had a servant to reprove or a stranger to punish." For seven years the unfortunate *Mist* remained in the dark as to the secret service carried on by his colleague and seeming friend, during which time we cannot doubt the Government was kept posted up with the most minute particulars which Defoe's connexion with the press placed at his command. It is true that we find Defoe making a great show of his care to screen his publisher from consequences, or to restrain him from rushing into snares or perils. In *Applebee's Journal* he even inserts, December 12, 1724, the precursor of a series of letters on Friendship, in which he expatiates, all but by name, upon the kindness *Mist* had received at his hands, and his ingratitude in return. "Save a thief from the gal-lows," he bitterly exclaims, "and he will cut your throat." It may not have been Defoe's official delation that brought the luckless *Mist* to prison in November, 1718, but at least no good offices of his friends availed to save him. The only result was the secession of Defoe for a while from the *Journal*, to be followed by a re-engagement in January, 1719, *Mist* being kept as before in ignorance of the Government contract. The poor wretch was brought in 1720 to the pillory, and four years later

fined 100*l.*, and sent to prison for a year. There can be no reasonable doubt that it was the discovery of the secret, while under the stress of prosecution, which prompted the revengeful attack by *Mist* upon Defoe. Mr. Lee seems to us to have clearly made out this fact. He is at the same time strangely blind to any default on the side of his hero, and solely alive to the baseness and ingratitude of *Mist*. It certainly shows generosity and forbearance on the part of Defoe that he spared the life of his assailant, whom he had disarmed and wounded, and was the first to run for a surgeon to attend him. This first attack of *Mist's* was followed up by a blow of a different kind, all the journals being leagued together through his instrumentality to close their columns against communications from Defoe. Such a step was in some respects analogous to what we understand to have been a recent resolution of the Parisian Société des Hommes de Lettres, excluding from their body any gentlemen connected with the censorship of the press. Mr. Lee is probably right in tracing to the same vindictive hand the blow which finally shattered Defoe's peace of mind, and hastened his death. The "wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy" who drove him into concealment, and to whom he attributes his ruin, was, in all likelihood, no other than *Mist*, who had fled abroad, and who is known to have consorted with the Duke of Wharton and other heads of the Jacobite clique. The possession of documents written by Defoe, or the knowledge of facts in his career, might be skilfully used to compromise him with the Government, and threaten his fortune and safety. His letter to Mr. Baker, his son-in-law, is shown to bear out this surmise, while affording much reason for his biographer's suggestion that Defoe's intellect had given way under the ensuing anxiety and fright. There seems to have been no real cause for the gloomy picture therein drawn of the ruin of his family and himself. Defoe, we are glad to find from Mr. Lee's praiseworthy researches, died in fair circumstances. We could wish that his political morality or private honour came out as favorably from the imputations cast on it through this lifting of the veil from the closing scenes of his career. What his genius may hereby gain from the admiring voices of posterity will be more than compensated by the verdict of condemnation that must needs be passed upon the mean and underhand use made of such powers. Another melancholy instance is afforded of the possible degradation of the

mightiest and most varied gifts of intellect to ends and means the most ignoble.

From The Leader.

WASTE IN JOURNALISM.

IN his new work on European Morals Mr. Lecky calls particular attention to a "momentous intellectual revolution" which is at present taking place in England. He points out that the instructive functions of literature, which used to belong to writers of books, have been almost entirely handed over to the journalists who write in the daily and weekly papers. Even in such abstruse subjects as philosophical and ethical theories, Mr. Lecky maintains that the weekly papers especially exercise a greater influence than any other productions of the day in "forming the ways of thinking of ordinary educated Englishmen." Who that looks around at the number and ability of these periodicals can doubt it? We have frequently in these columns been forced to protest against the tone and aim of certain articles which the *Saturday Review*, for example, has printed; but, taking the average run of contributions to that paper, is it not evident that an immense intellectual power, the combined product of many and various minds, is displayed in its columns? Then look at the ironical boldness and cleverness, and the rare literary ability of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; at the ingenuity, honesty, and frankness (tempered by occasional evidences of self-assumption and doctrinairism) of the *Spectator*; the smart political sarcasm of the *Examiner*; the vigour with which many of the reviews in the *Athenæum* are written—to say nothing of the obvious talent displayed in the political and literary columns of the weekly papers; and it will be apparent that a vast amount of the literary energy of the country is at present expended in journalism. All this is true enough, and sufficiently gratifying, — for we cannot have any work in literature done too well; but we have got to consider what it costs. Is the literary power expended to the best advantage? Do we not pay too much for excellent journalism in the impoverishment of our book-literature? For it is clear that a vast amount of this ability which serves its daily or weekly turn and disappears would produce the most valuable results in literature proper. The matured intellectual force of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Saturday Review*, to take special examples, would, if concentrated, enrich our English literature in a marked degree, if only in one

or two particular directions. We should not expect to get from this mental force, otherwise expended, much in the shape of poetry, or dramatic fiction, or the higher forms of history; but we might have keen, discriminative criticism upon modern social life, and as much literary comment as we could well find room for. Indeed, intelligent criticism of all kinds—and literature itself, as has often been remarked, is only a general form of criticism of the circumstances of life—we might obtain in such a shape that it would have a permanent as well as an immediate value. The question which remains is, whether such an alteration of the channel into which our chief literary ability is made to run would be desirable, even if it were possible.

Journalism is the most convenient vehicle which an intellectual man, who has anything to say to the world, can find. By this means he is placed in direct communication with a large number of persons—a far greater audience than he could hope to secure—unless his fame be already established—by publishing a book. The chances, are, that instead of having one particular notion which he would like to ventilate, he has a dozen, or a hundred, or perhaps he is moved only by a vague desire to go on treating of subjects from time to time as they may arise, giving to them that particular bent they will acquire in passing through his mind. Obviously he could not expect to get people to read a dozen, or a hundred, books; irrespective of the consideration that, perhaps, not one of the hundred notions is worth expanding into a book. Journalism, however, gives him an opportunity of saying just as much as the subject may require, and no more; and of saying this so that the people most likely to pay heed to the subject will have their attention directly drawn to it. On the other hand, the publishing in book-form has also its especial advantages. Here a man is not hurried by press-considerations into publishing any immature or ill-considered judgment. He has plenty of time for elaboration; and he is cheered by the hope that this elaboration will not only be of value to his contemporaries, but will be regarded with favour and gratitude in times to come. The anonymous writing of journalism has its immediate effect, and passes by, without the writer reaping one word of praise or thanks from the public; whereas the same ability in a book would earn for him the congratulations and esteem of thousands. But beyond and above all these considerations as to a man's choice of the proper vehicle for his literary labours, is the para-

mount one of money. Journalism is lucrative; book-making is not; and writers, like other people, have themselves to feed, and occasionally families to support. There are many men now engaged in journalism who wage a running fight with circumstances in this fashion; they write anonymously in newspapers and periodicals for just so much money as suffices to yield them the bare necessities of existence, and all the rest of their time they devote to the production of permanent literature. This sort of struggle, nevertheless, is seldom very much prolonged; because the literary aspirant, when he finds that the books on which he has bestowed so much labour, do not fetch him a tithe or a twentieth of what the same labour employed in journalism would have fetched, generally becomes tired of the effort, and relapses into permanent journalistic work. Altogether, of the two vehicles, there can be no doubt that journalism is by far the more seductive and attractive. The author risks less, and gains more: it is the public only who suffer.

For, however much the public may benefit by the clever workmanship thrown into journalism, we are convinced they suffer in the long run, by the abstraction of that intellectual power whose proper path is literature. The influence of mental vigour in journalism is great, diffuse, and transient; the same expenditure of vigour in literature would have a less effect at first, but a much greater, because permanent, result afterwards. We do not look upon our newspapers and journals as showing literary waste because their articles are unnecessarily good. The abler they are the better. The literary waste lies in the consumption of a special kind of ability which is better fitted for literature than for journalism—if we may be allowed to draw the distinction, for the sake of illustration. Suppose, for example, that at the time when Sir Walter Scott was very desirous to have money, all the *Quarterlies* and *Weeklies* that now exist existed then, his devoting his energies to quarterly, monthly, or weekly writing in periodicals would have greatly raised the tone of the periodical writing of the time, but it would have deprived us of one of the greatest treasures in our language. In our own day Mr. Browning, if we do not mistake, could make much more money than he obtains by the sale of his books if he devoted himself solely to literary criticism in the magazine; but the result is one we could ill afford to experience. What we venture to suggest is that a large amount of the intellectual penetration and culture now displayed in our journals would find a more

fitting sphere in literature. There are articles upon ethical questions in the *Saturday Review*, upon theological questions in the *Spectator*, and upon French literature and drama (these are but random examples) in the *Pall Mall Gazette* which would have proportionately a much higher value if they were the result of a sustained effort and independent of the temporary influence of journalism. We cannot help considering that the journalism of the present day monopolizes, and then weakens and disperses an amount of intellectual power which, if properly concentrated, would greatly alter the aspect of the Victorian era as a step in the progress of literature.

From The Athenæum.
ST. LEONARDS vs. LYNDBURST.*

How long will our ex-Chancellors continue to observe that habit of protracting life to extreme longevity which for the last hundred years has distinguished them from ordinary mortals? In the earlier half of the last century they had a way of dying young, — that is to say, young for men who had achieved much hard work, and risen to some of the first honours of the State. Lord Talbot died in his fifty-third, Lord Cowper in his sixtieth year; Lord Hardwicke, in his seventy-fourth year, dropped off the tree of life at an age which recent experiences have taught us to regard as green and tender youth for lawyers who have climbed to the Woolsack. Lord Harcourt, Lord Macclesfield, Lord King, and Lord Northampton, all disappeared before attaining the threescore and ten years which entitle average men to take rank with the veterans of their time, — the youngest of the four, Lord Northampton, dying in his sixty-fourth year, and the eldest, Lord Harcourt, succumbing to death when he had numbered no more than sixty-five years. Lord Camden set the modern fashion of longevity by dying in his eighty-first year; and his successor, Lord Bathurst, who built Apsley House, saw his eighty-sixth year. Thurlow, Loughborough and Erskine may be said to have been cut off prematurely after living from two to four years beyond seventy. Then came the men of marvellous ages, and of extraordinary vigour in their venerable years, — Eldon, who talked racily and drank his two bottles of port at a sitting in his eighty-seventh year;

Lyndhurst, who brought animation to dinner-parties when he had passed his ninetyeth year; and Brougham, who fell away from us only last year, having attained the age of ninety. Lord Cottenham died in his eighty-first year; Lord Truro died in the boyhood of ex-Chancellors, being no more than seventy-three years old at the time of his decease; Lord Campbell had survived to his eightieth when he expired in office; Lord Cranworth was eighty; and here, in his ninetieth year, is Lord St. Leonards writing in clear, pithy, pungent English his by no means flattering opinion of John Campbell's intellect, temper and honesty.

Years since, — so long since that a man must have grey hair or can have no personal recollection of them, — in contests which, important though they seemed to the angry disputants, are things of the forgotten or faintly remembered past, Henry Brougham and Edward Sugden exchanged words of high disdain, in their mutual wrath professing for one another scorn which in his heart neither of them cherished for his worthy adversary. On one occasion, Lord Brougham, in the House of Peers, was so forgetful of his own dignity, and so far carried away by constitutional irritability, as to term his antagonist "a bug," and, with an air of inexpressible loathing, to describe his crawling ways and verminous propensities, — an indecent outrage, to which Sir Edward Sugden replied in the House of Commons in terms that commanded the respect of his hearers, and won for him the sympathy of all generous Englishmen whom the Chancellor's disgraceful abusiveness had not already roused to the defence of its object. For a time there was fierce enmity between the holder of the Seals and the greatest Chancery lawyer of his time; but the feud was terminated by the man who was chiefly at fault, and who took occasion to tender to his opponent an apology which was as frank and earnest as the insult had been galling and unjustifiable. Recalling the circumstances of his reconciliation with Henry Brougham, Lord St. Leonards says, — "Gathering himself up, and turning half away, he said, 'Well, I think when a man feels that he has done wrong, the sooner he says so the better.' I went up to him, gave him my hand, which he grasped kindly, and I said, 'I am much obliged to you, and I shall never again think upon what has passed.'" It was no hollow reconciliation; but the commencement of a close and affectionate intercourse. "From that time to his death," Lord St. Leonards says, "Brougham and I were

* *Misrepresentations in Campbell's 'Lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham.'* Corrected by St. Leonards. (Murray.)

good friends; and I cannot but look with displeasure at Campbell's life of him. When he heard that I had declined the Great Seal a second time, he laid hold of my two arms in the House of Lords, which was then not quite made, and, with tears in his eyes, urged me to retract my refusal. He sent me copies of all his books, and showed me every mark of good-will." Such were the terms on which two men, whom Campbell depicts as malignant enemies, lived to the last. Lord St. Leonards will not allow that on this point the calumniator of the Chancellors erred through ignorance. "Lord Campbell," he says, "*knew* that for many years Lord Brougham and I were on terms of friendship; but, as his book would not be published until after Brougham's death, he was safe in reviving in its most odious form an attack which Lord Brougham had lived to regret and atone for. I can venture to say that nothing would have pained him more than the statement I am commenting on." Who but John Campbell, the lawyer who used his leisure in pilfering the labours of original writers, and inventing smart slanders upon dead men, would have thought of raking up this ugly quarrel from an old volume of Hansard for the amusement of gossip-mongers, and then have exaggerated its most unpleasant features by misrepresentations which justify the warmth with which Lord St. Leonards says, "with the exception of the language used by the Lord Chancellor, I cannot refrain from characterizing the whole of this statement as a malignant falsehood"?

On a less important point Lord St. Leonards corrects the biographic Chancellor in the following terms:—

"It is in the life of Lord Brougham that Lord Campbell's attacks and misrepresentations as regards myself are to be found. In his first misrepresentation he refers to the habit of the Lord Chancellor to receive openly, being above all disguise, many times in the course of a morning, letters on the Bench, read them, and write, seal, and dispatch answers, *meanwhile listening to the Counsel, and asking them questions*. He then observes that this habit was particularly distasteful to that very petulant though very learned and able counsel, Sir Edward Sugden (now Lord St. Leonards), who tried to correct it, but was unlucky in the occasion which he took, and the method he employed for the purpose. As the most marked and effectual intimation of his displeasure, he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence while the Chancellor was writing. After a considerable pause the Chancellor, *without raising his eyes from the paper*, said, Go on, Sir Edward, I am listening to you. Sugden: I observe that your Lordship

is engaged in writing, and not favouring me with your attention. Chancellor: I am signing papers of mere form. You may as well say that I am not to blow my nose or take snuff while you speak. Sir Edward sat down with a huff, but on this occasion he was laughed at, and the Chancellor was applauded. Now what occurred in Court at least twenty-one years before this graphic account was written or prepared for publication, and at which the writer was not present, did not raise any laugh at my expense, or any applause of the Lord Chancellor. I had no unkind feeling towards him; he had whilst I was in the other Court, spoken to the Bar of me in high terms, and frequently sent me down notes to ask me to dinner, to meet one or two Members of the Cabinet. I now desire to speak kindly of him, and not add to the pain which Lord Campbell's life of him must have inflicted on his family; but I must state the plain facts. His biographer speaks of him as being above all disguise, and that while reading and writing he listened to the Counsel and asked him questions. No doubt at that time he did not disguise his occupation. Indeed, how could he? A man would come into Court with something like a large mahogany dinner-tray loaded with letters and papers of all sorts, which were placed before the Chancellor, and to which he directed his attention, tearing up very many, and throwing down the torn paper, which led to the remarks upon him by the *Times*. When a Counsel has, as he is bound to do, made himself master of his case, and is endeavouring to make the Judge understand it, and more especially where the Judge is new to the law of the Court, nothing can be more painful than to find that the Judge is directing his attention wholly to other things, and that his address is in truth not listened to. His anxiety is not removed if the Judge every now and then asks a question, to show that he is attending to the argument, and the Counsel knows it to be founded in error. In truth, the Chancellor's proceeding was altogether inconsistent with a due administration of justice. My position was a painful one. I intended no disrespect to the Court, but I did intend to establish the right of Counsel to demand the attention of the Court. Lord Brougham several times asked me to go on, but I declined to do so. If there was any laughter, of which I have no recollection, it assuredly was at the Chancellor's statement, that he supposed he must not blow his nose or take a pinch of snuff. The statement that I was laughed at, and the Chancellor applauded, is wholly untrue; there was not, and indeed there could not be, such a demonstration. Now, then, what was the result? The Chancellor, to his great credit, never afterwards had letters or papers brought into Court; yet he was so far from being above all disguise, that when, now and then, he did write a letter, he did so on his open note-book, and then dropped it on the floor beneath, and an officer would come in, and looking at the Bar, would dip his hand into the opening, pick up, and carry away the letter.

This 'seeing I never seemed to see.' Huff, on my part, there was none. My conduct no doubt was painful to the Chancellor at the time, but he, the bar, and the public benefited by it. His private mode of now and then writing a letter was evidently from a desire to avoid any further cause of complaint, and none was ever called for."

Since Lord Campbell has begun the game of breaking legal reputations, Lord St. Leonards shows that it is sport at which two persons can play as well as one, and with a well-directed missile he demolishes what has hitherto been John Campbell's strongest title to the respect of his profession:—

"Campbell was proud of his position as head of the Real Property Commission. He was not appointed to it until I had resisted Lord Lyndhurst's pressure to accept the office; he would take no denial, but I felt that it was impossible for me, with my engagements at the Bar, to give to the Commission the labour which he exacted from me. Lord Campbell, who I believe did not know that the office had been offered to me, was in the habit of treating the able Bills which the Commissioners framed as his own. The subjects before the Commission were altogether out of his line of study and practice; and he had no hand in framing the Bills. He converted the heads of one of the Bills in the Report of the Commissioners into a Bill, which of course was laid on one side, and the Bill was drawn elaborately by another hand. One of the learned Conveyancers, who was one of the Commissioners, said to me at the time, speaking of this Bill, that Campbell had no more to do with it than his footman. He seems, from his book, to have taken a great interest in the Wills Bill, but it was prepared by an eminent Conveyancer, a Member of the Real Property Commission, and was, in the improved form in which it passed, brought into the House of Lords in 1837, by Lord Langdale, with an elaborate speech, on the second reading."

How completely Lord St. Leonards has failed to see all the meanness of Campbell's nature, and to appreciate the animus of the biographer's fabrications, is apparent from the simplicity with which he says, "I look in vain for any probable cause of Lord Campbell's rancour against me." Lord Campbell had no special rancour against the author of the present treatise. He had a strong appetite for malicious gossip, and a universal antipathy to all persons brighter, wiser, stronger than himself. His rule was to damage to the fullest extent of his ability every reputation that crossed his path. Whether it belonged to man or woman, brave knight or virtuous lady, Bacon in the seventeenth or Brougham in the nineteenth century, a great name was a thing to be

struck at and injured. In tracing out the careers of Brougham and Lyndhurst he came upon scores of reputations, at each of which he had a fling; and when Sir Edward Sugden's reputation crossed his path the biographer—not under the influence of any peculiar hostility to Lord St. Leonards, but in obedience to his strongest instinct—took out a poisoned knife and stabbed that reputation with it. Had it been any other person's fair fame he would have dealt with it in like manner.

From The Leader.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF EDWARD GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN.*

THE judiciousness which Mr. Arber and Mr. Murray have exhibited in their selections of books for their series of verbatim reprints is made more conspicuous yet by their latest choice. A volume more likely to recommend itself to an educated public than the autobiography of our greatest historian could not have been chosen. That the advantages of a cheap literature are numerous, need not be disputed; yet it has remained for Mr. Arber and Mr. Murray to prove to us how really invaluable a cheap literature may be made when it is regulated by felicity of selection and ability of commentation. Those who make in this cheap reprint the acquaintance of "Gibbon's Autobiography" for the first time—and we need not scruple to believe that there are many who will—may wonder at their ignorance of a book, that for copiousness of erudition and splendour of diction, for subtlety of sarcasm and force of delineation has never yet been equalled, and is hardly ever likely to be surpassed. But pre-eminent as are the merits we have indicated, no one who reads this volume attentively through will remain unconscious of one defect—a defect of which the autobiographer, at least, should be certainly the last to be guilty. We refer to the want of candour. A sense of improbability, even where the frankness seems most laboured, haunts the language of the writer, and impugns the truth of every confession as it is written. We seem to gain a clue to this in the writer's love of style. The polish imparted to his sentiments by his periods degrades them almost to meretriciousness. "It has been supposed," says Lord Sheffield, "that he always arranged what he intended to say

* Reprint of the Original Edition. London: Alex. Murray and Son.

before he spoke — his quickness in conversation contradicts this — but it is very true that before he sat down to write a note or a letter he completely arranged in his mind what he meant to express. He pursued the same method in respect to other composition; and he occasionally would walk several times about his apartment before he had rounded a period to his taste. He has pleasantly remarked to me that it sometimes cost him many a turn before he could throw a sentiment into a form that gratified his own criticism." But how completely his thoughts had been governed by his language is nowhere more obvious than in his own narration of an *affaire du cœur* — an incident which, had nature been allowed to treat it in her own fashion, could hardly have failed to have been made tender, pathetic, or at least simple. Instead of sentiment, however, we find heroics: and love bows to us in the stiff dignity of a quilted diction. Genuine passion hardly admits of the restraint of balanced periods. As we read of "the personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod being embellished by the virtues and talents of her mind," of her bosom, "in which the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered," we find ourselves smiling at the reproduction of a stiff eroticism subsequently popularized by the novels of Miss Burney and Mr. Godwin. There is about as much real sentiment in such love as there was nature in the artificial gardens of our Augustan period, when Shenstone planned the Leaslowes, and Pope adorned his grotto. But enough of depreciation. In this autobiography we have before us the spectacle of a great and a wonderful mind. If we feel ourselves inclined to question the candour of the emotional portion — if we may use the phrase to express the passages that immediately concern the author's feelings and sentiments — of the book, we can only follow with admiration and astonishment the revelations of that phenomenal diligence of which the monument is to be found in the "Decline and Fall." As Mr. Chalmers truly observed: "His labours approach to what we read of the indefatigable scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries." It was not, however, until a somewhat advanced period of his life that he determined to commence historian. Though he says, "I know by experience, that from my early youth I aspired to the character of historian," his early youth attempted only works very distinct from history. In 1761 he published "Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature," his first work. Shortly after leaving Oxford he composed "The Life of Sesostris." But

having suffered the sheets of this work to lie by him twenty years, he one day destroyed them. Such a loss is to be regretted. Of a man whose incessant labours were divided between erudition and the acquisition of a polished style, it would be interesting to witness the first efforts, that we might compare them with his latest. In the "Life of Savage," and in the "Life of Cowley," by Johnson, we have such a contrast in full perfection. Gibbon dates from the first volume of his history: and we perceive his diction renewed in the last of his letters. Of Oxford his contempt is proverbial. Chalmers determines, however, the motive of his contempt with much readiness: — "When he sat down to write his memoirs — the memoirs of an eminent and accomplished scholar — he found a blank which is seldom found in the biography of English scholars, the early displays of genius, the laudable emulation, and the well-earned honours; he found that he owed no fame to his academical residence, and therefore determined that no fame should be derived from an academical education." The philosophy of Gibbon was not proof against that purely English weakness: the love of lineage. We find him tracing, with tedious minuteness, the vocabulary of his antecedents, and confessing with dissembled pride, "that our alliances by marriage are not disgraceful to mention." So great was his regard for what honour the past could confer upon him, that, having read an account of the family of Gibbon in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1788) he procured the address of the writer, and handsomely acknowledged his labour. It is not generally known that the writer was Sir Egerton Brydges, a mild and accomplished author, whose admiration of Byron forced him into dotage before his time. Gibbon's conversion to Roman Catholicism is very briefly adverted to by him in his autobiography. "The marvellous tales," he says, "which are so boldly attested by the Basils and Chrysostoms, the Austins and Jeromes, compelled me to embrace the superior merits of celibacy, the institution of the monastic life, the use of the sign of the cross, of holy oil, and even of images, the invocation of saints, the worship of relics, the rudiments of purgatory in prayers for the dead, and the tremendous mystery of the sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ, which insensibly swelled into the prodigy of transubstantiation." "But," he concludes, "I can never blush if my tender mind was entangled in the sophistry that reduced the acute and manly understandings of Chillingworth and Bayle, who afterwards emerged from super-

stitution to scepticism." We are reminded by this of Shelley's vehement assurance that, for his part, he would rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus. The most eloquent passages, to our thinking, in this book, are those which immediately bear upon the composition of the immortal "Decline and Fall."

I shall advance with rapid brevity in the narrative of this tour, in which somewhat more than a year (April 1764–May 1765) was agreeably employed. Content with tracing my line of march, and slightly touching on my personal feelings, I shall waive the minute investigation of the scenes which have been viewed by thousands, and described by hundreds, of our modern travellers. Rome is the great object of our pilgrimage; and 1st, the journey; 2nd, the residence; and 3rd, the return; will form the most proper and perspicuous division. 1. I climbed Mount Cenis, and descended into the plain of Piedmont, not on the back of an elephant, but on a light osier seat, in the hands of the dextrous and intrepid chairmen of the Alps. The architecture and government of Turin presented the same aspect of tame and tiresome uniformity; but the court was regulated with decent and splendid economy; and I was introduced to his Sardinian majesty Charles Emanuel, who, after the incomparable Frederick, held the second rank (*proximus longo tamen intervallo*) among the kings of Europe. The size and populousness of Milan could not surprise an inhabitant of London; but the fancy is amused by a visit to the Borromeo Islands, an enchanted palace, a work of the fairies in the midst of a lake encompassed with mountains, and far removed from the haunts of men. I was less amused by the marble palaces of Genoa, than by the recent memorials of her deliverance (in December 1746) from the Austrian tyranny; and I took a military survey of every scene of action within the inclosure of her double walls. My steps were detained at Parma and Modena, by the precious relics of the Farnese and Este collections; but, alas! the far greater part had been already transported, by inheritance or purchase, to Naples and Dresden. By the road of Bologna and the Apennine I at last reached Florence, where I reposed from June to September during the heat of the summer months. In the Gallery, and especially in the Tribune, I first acknowledged, at the feet of the Venus de Medicis, that the chisel may dispute the pre-eminence with the pencil, a truth in the fine arts which cannot on this side of the Alps be felt or understood. At home I had taken some lessons of Italian; on the spot I read, with a learned native, the classics of the Tuscan idiom; but the shortness of my time, and the use of the French language, prevented my acquiring any facility of speaking; and I was a silent spectator in the conversations of our envoy, Sir Horace Mann, whose most serious business was that of enter-

taining the English at his hospitable table. After leaving Florence, I compared the solitude of Pisa with the industry of Lucca and Leghorn, and continued my journey through Sienna to Rome, where I arrived in the beginning of October. 2. My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm; and the enthusiasm which I do not feel, I have ever scorned to affect. But, at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the eternal city. After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. My guide was Mr. Byers, a Scotch antiquary of experience and taste; but in the daily labour of eighteen weeks, the powers of attention were sometimes fatigued, till I was myself qualified, in a last review, to select and study the capital works of ancient and modern art. Six weeks were borrowed for my tour of Naples, the most populous of cities, relative to its size, whose luxurious inhabitants seem to dwell on the confines of paradise and hell-fire. I was presented to the boy-king by our new envoy, Sir William Hamilton; who, wisely diverting his correspondence from the Secretary of State to the Royal Society and British Museum, has elucidated a country of such inestimable value to the naturalist and antiquarian. On my return, I fondly embraced, for the last time, the miracles of Rome; but I departed without kissing the feet of Rezzonico (Clement XIII.), who neither possessed the wit of his predecessor Lambertini, nor the virtues of his successor Ganganelli. 3. In my pilgrimage from Rome to Loretto I again crossed the Apennine; from the coast of the Adriatic I traversed a fruitful and populous country, which could alone disprove the paradox of Montesquieu, that modern Italy is a desert. Without adopting the exclusive prejudice of the natives, I sincerely admire the paintings of the Bologna school. I hastened to escape from the sad solitude of Ferrara, which in the age of Cæsar was still more desolate. The spectacle of Venice afforded some hours of astonishment; the university of Padua is a dying taper; but Verona still boasts her amphitheatre, and his native Vicenza is adorned by the classic architecture of Palladio; the road of Lombardy and Piedmont (did Montesquieu find them without inhabitants?) led me back to Milan, Turin, and the passage of Mount Cenis, where I again crossed the Alps in my way to Lyons.

The use of foreign travel has been often debated as a general question; but the conclusion must be finally applied to the character and circumstances of each individual. With the education of boys, where or how they may pass over some juvenile years with the least mischief to themselves or others, I have no concern. But after supposing the previous and indispensable

requisites of age, judgment, a competent knowledge of men and books, and a freedom from domestic prejudices, I will briefly describe the qualifications which I deem most essential to a traveller. He should be endowed with an active, indefatigable vigour of mind and body, which can seize every mode of conveyance, and support, with a careless smile, every hardship of the road, the weather, or the inn. The benefits of foreign travel will correspond with the degrees of these qualifications; but, in this sketch, those to whom I am known will not accuse me of framing my own panegyric. It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.

In concluding our insufficient comments upon this reprint, we are reminded that we have been considering the personal narrative of one of the most gigantic minds the history of literature has to offer us. To the student this memoir is a valuable lesson; to the reader it is a provocation of untiring wonder. It is a valuable lesson by the need it suggests of unwearying diligence in the accumulation of knowledge, and in the acquisition of the graces of style, as the conditions of the labours of the author who proposes to transmit his name to the latest posterity; it is a provocation of untiring wonder by showing us what copious duties have to be fulfilled, what patience to be practised, what arts to be acquired, what studies to be prosecuted ere he who proposes to instruct can hope to be listened to as a teacher.

From The Athenæum.

RUINED CITIES OF ZULU LAND.

THE editor of these volumes, a "Colonel in the Ottoman Imperial Army," dedicates them to his brother, "Capt. Walmsley, Government Agent, Zulu Frontier, Natal," adding, by way of notice to his readers, that the work is, in the Colonel's own words, "founded on a manuscript I received from him." It would be satisfactory to know the nature of the foundation on which Col. Walmsley has built a superstructure of his own. The book is discursive, and goes far away from Zulu Land and its ruined cities. It deals with India and the mutiny, and accidents by flood or field, and jollifi-

cation and love-making. This cannot be done without a Livy-like imagination, which produces conversation of considerable length and not wanting in spirit. We may, however, suppose that most of the illustrations of life outside Africa form the superstructure reared by the Colonel, and that all which refers to Zulu Land and the continent of which it is a part belongs exclusively to the Captain, the Government agent in the Zulu district. For this reason especially, and for others in reserve, we shall confine ourselves to what Capt. Walmsley has to say on an interesting matter connected with that rapidly developing land.

We do not now hear for the first time of the close analogy that seems to exist between some of the modern South African tribes and the ancient people of Egypt. Barron, in his account of travels at the Cape, has alluded to similitudes of men, manners, climate, and productions between these nations far apart. Col. Napier's volume continued the analogy; the Rev. Mr. Fleming, in his 'Kaffraria and its Inhabitants,' bore similar testimony, and scores of other wayfarers have adopted and expressed the same views. In this district is to be found one of the half-score localities where Ophir has been placed, and fancy most favours the tradition. When it sees the ships of the wise king sailing from Tarshish it brings them to port at the Zulu Ophir, whence they return freighted with gold. As to the Egyptian element still supposed to be traceable in various characteristics which distinguish the people and the soil on which they dwell, legend easily derives it from Pharaoh Necho, and there may be something in it to account for the facts. Assuming, or allowing, that he sent forth that famous expedition for the circumnavigation of Africa, which left Egypt by the Red Sea and returned to it by the Mediterranean, there is nothing improbable in the alleged circumstance that the explorers tarried by the way, under some stress of weather or accident; that they made acquaintance with such people as they found; sowed corn, stayed long enough to eat it, and, having eaten it, were off to sea again. The story further says, that the indelible mark of the Egyptian was then made. To this, the Captain's exciting story makes some additions. We are told of the ruined cities of Zulu Land, and are taken into what is left of them by means of this volume. The personages are a Polish missionary in search of Ophir, and a Capt. Hughes. They are out, combining the chase with research, when, getting clear of the forest land, they come upon masses of

* By Hugh Mullenex Walmsley. With Illustrations by Martinus Kuytenbrouwer. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

fallen masonry lying along the bend of a river in front of them. They were on forbidden ground, for the Kaffirs hold the ruins sacred, and believe that no rain will fall for three years if strangers intrude on this ancient inclosure. This is what the travellers saw; we tell it with a little abridgment:

"There rose right in front of them two massive ruins of pyramidal form, which must at one time have been of great height. Even now, broken and fallen as they were, the solid bases only remaining, they were noble and imposing. Part had come tumbling down, in one jumbled mass, into the bed of the river, while the dwarf acacia and palm were shooting up among the stones, breaking and disjoining them. . . . By the banks of the stream the pomegranate, the plantain, and the mango, were growing in wild luxuriance—trees not known in the land, consequently imported. Overshadowing the fallen blocks of stone, the date-tree and palmyra waved their fan-like leaves. Dense masses of powerful creepers crept up the ruins, rending the solid masonry; and the seeds of the trees dropping year by year had produced a rapid undergrowth, those which had once been valuable fruit-trees having degenerated into wild ones. Chaos had, in a word, re-appeared where once trade and prosperity, order and regularity reigned. . . . The whole mass appeared at one time to have been encircled by a wall, now fallen, the entrances to which could be distinctly traced, and this confirmed the report which had been gathered by the missionaries of Santa Lucia Bay."

The travellers penetrated through passages which led to a courtyard, in which were the remains of pillars bearing traces of carved work upon them. They bore none of mortar, the "stones fitting into one another exactly." The explorers having got to the platform on which the building had rested, this (with some shortening of detail) is what they further beheld:—

"Below them ran a maze of crumbled galleries and court-yards: and wherever the eye could penetrate, mounds of fallen masonry cropped up amidst the dense forest growth. The vast ruin itself was now a shapeless mass, being utterly broken and defaced. The top of the mound was overgrown by bushes, interlaced with creeping plants, and, as using their knives, the two cut their way onward, the light of day penetrated feebly into a ruined chamber of vast size. . . . They penetrated the ruined chamber, but hardly had they put their feet across the threshold, when bats in vast numbers came sweeping along, raising, as they did so, a fine dust, which was nearly blinding. . . . Their numbers seemed to increase, for troops of others, of a dull brownish red colour, joined their loathsome companions, and then a third species, of a chestnut brown, mingled with dingy white, came

trooping along. What the building had been it was impossible to tell; but it must have once seemed a mighty pile standing on its platform of stonework, with a flight of broad steps leading to it. These steps had disappeared; but remains of them could be noticed, and from the elevation where the two stood the line which had once been the wall of the town could be traced here and there. There were not any remains of a purely Egyptian character, save a worn arabesque representing the process of maize-grinding; but this was to be seen daily practised among the tribes, and therefore proved nothing, for it remained an open question whether the natives had taken it from the sculptor, or whether he had imitated the natives. Here and there were remains of carvings representing serpents, birds, and beasts of uncouth form, leading to the belief that the building had once been a temple."

Leaving the temple, the explorers made their way to a cave, one of many on the slopes of the Malopopo hills:—

"To this cave the two climbed, entering very cautiously. . . . Bones of different kinds were heaped about, showing that for a time at least it had been the abode of wild animals. It was about twenty feet high, and there were some curious carvings on the walls, the entrance having evidently been scarped down by the hand of man. Close to the doorway were two colossal carvings, as if to guard the mouth of the cave. Each represented the figure of a nearly naked warrior, having a covering only round the loins; and each held in his hand two spears, not having any shield—in this widely differing from the present race. The faces of these figures seemed of an Arab type. There was no trace of a door, but some broken remains would seem to indicate that the entrance had once been walled up, while close by lay a slab of stone bearing a tracing on it of the African elephant. There were many similar caverns here and there in the mountain side."

The Amatongas with their chief Umhlewa surprised the travellers, who had penetrated these solitudes in spite of prohibition. The two men, who speak of themselves as probably being the first Europeans who had, for at least many years, seen these ruins, were well-nigh paying with their lives for their intrusion. The details of their adventures till they reached the Zambesi in safety partake strongly of the marvellous. The Colonel's gay embroidery seems rather lavishly laid upon the Captain's old uniform.

The above is nearly all that the book contains of the so-called ruined cities of Zulu Land. It differs, therefore, very essentially from Stephens and Catherwood's volumes on the ruined cities of Central America. In the latter, the narrative is solid record, with ample illustrations of the ruins. The

Captain-Colonel's book partakes of romance so much that it is difficult to pluck reality out of it; and with numerous illustrations of other things there is none of these Zulu-Egyptian ruins. In a matter of such interest the reader should not be left in doubt as to the narrator's earnestness. In other respects, the volumes will be found rich in variety and amusement.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A VISIT TO KEBLE.

BY ARCHDEACON ALLEN;

From a Letter written to his Brother, July 25, 1844.

I HAVE lately been spending a couple of days with Mr. John Keble. I reached the vicarage of Hursley, Saturday last, about half-past eight P. M. I had scarcely got out of the fly, when a man, perhaps rather below the middle size, with grey hair, and some of his front teeth out, came to the door, and with a great deal of kindness and simplicity of manner welcomed me to the house. The first impression reminded me somewhat of the plain exterior of Wordsworth. He ushered me into the dining-room, where his wife, his sister, and a Mrs. Moore (staying in the house) were just finishing tea. Over the fireplace was the engraving from Domenichino's picture of St. John; opposite a real Wilson, a very fine landscape, with two prints from German designs—Christ blessing little children, Overbeck, and St. John preaching in the wilderness,—a drawing of the exterior of Otterbourne Church, a print of Judge Coleridge, and Strange's engraving of Vandyke's three faces of Charles I. An engraving of Bishop Selwyn stood against some books. After tea we went to the drawing-room, where hung two engravings after Raffaele,—the Transfiguration and the Marriage of Joseph,—Belshazzar's Feast, by Martin, a large head of our Saviour, after Guido, a head of Bishop Fox (both prints), and one or two drawings of landscapes. In his study there is Westmacott's marble bust of Newman, a copy (in oils) of Jeremy Taylor's portrait, prints of Archbishop Moore, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Grenville.

The first evening Keble talked of the difficulty of getting Hampshire properly stocked with churches; the population was scattered; the river ran like a ribbon through the country, but the cottages did not nestle close to it, as was the case in Wilts and Oxfordshire. He gave his farmers

a good character; Sir W. Heathcote took pains in the selection of tenants. While Keble was out of the room, Arnold's life was spoken of,—the book lay on the table. Mrs. Keble said it had been specially painful to her husband. At evening prayer every one stood, while Mr. Keble read six or eight verses from the Bible; then the sentences, "We are now come to the evening of another day," &c., and then the servants and all kneeled down, not at chairs, nor at a table, but without support. The next morning I had to walk and breakfast with one of the curates of a district church, to see the Sunday-school. I got back to church at Hursley; the curate read prayers: all that was noticeable was that during the lessons Mr. Keble at the communion-table, and his family in his pew, *stood*. Mr. Keble's sermon* was to the young people after confirmation, very scriptural, admirably arranged, and, as I thought, among the very best, if not the best, I had heard; extremely simple. After the communion we went home to luncheon, where was Dr. Moberly (who during the holidays at Winchester lives at a farm which he has purchased in Hursley parish) and Roundell Palmer. The talk went on Scripture prints, and on those published by Mr. Hope and by the Christian Knowledge Society.

Roundell Palmer said that the essence of such a Committee of ours (that of General Literature) must be caution.

I recommended him to write a grumbling letter about the giving up of the publication of the designs after Raffaele, as such a letter would strengthen the hands of those members of the Committee who wished them continued.

Keble said that, "as they must go in a diagonal, the great matter was to apply as much force as one could in the right direction."

Roundell Palmer said, "And *beyond* the right direction, as Aristotle held that the way to recover a bent stick was to force it in the opposite curve."

On Keble laughing approvingly, I said, "I am sure, Mr. Keble, you would never recommend going on the other side of right

* The sermon to the persons newly confirmed at Hursley Church, July 21, 1844, was to the effect that life was full of disappointments; perhaps, after all their preparation, they might have been disappointed that the rite of Confirmation had not at the time impressed them more. They might even feel disappointed, when they came to the Holy Communion, that they did not receive a more sensible blessing; yet let them not faint, but persevere; here we walk by faith, not by sight; let them continue patiently in the diligent use of all the means of grace supplied to them, struggling on, and then, when they came at last to the full communion of the saints, assuredly they would not be disappointed.

to get your neighbours to go exactly right."

He rejoined, "Why, I was not speaking of the morality of such a course of proceeding, but only of its effects;" and then asked if I thought a grumble to the Tract Committee would do any good, as he had one in store, ready to be fired off, if likely to prove serviceable.

In the afternoon Mr. Keble took me to his Sunday-school, and first examined his boys in the Catechism, and afterwards asked me to take them in Scripture, especially in the proofs of the doctrine of the Trinity. The evening was hot, and the room close, so we took them into the yard, under the shadow of some trees growing in the churchyard, which adjoins the school. After church we took a walk in the park, to see an old castle, or rather the moat of one, built by Bishop Henry de Blois (1129-71). On the road we talked of the examination of candidates for Orders, Keble having heard elsewhere of my being chaplain to Bishop Lonsdale. On my mentioning that the only books we recommended were Pearson, Hooker (Book V.), and Butler, Keble said he supposed these were our three English classics. In talking about Church history, he said he liked to look at it with reference to some one man who lived at the period he was reading about, and to make out, as much as he could, what that person thought of what was going on around him; to take at one time "Sæculum Ignatianum," at another "Sæculum Cyprianicum," &c. Speaking of the mystical interpretation of Scripture, I expressed a doubt as to following Augustine; I said I preferred what I had read of Chrysostom's expositions. Mr. Keble said he thought Augustine's mind was rather oratorical than poetical; that he did not think his spiritualizations of Scripture were inventions, but were actually drawn from a stock of Catholic interpretation, then accessible, and reaching from the Apostle's days. He found that mystical interpretations took hold of the common people; and again, on my expressing my fear of adding anything to God's Word, he said that his plan was, when he met with any mystical interpretation which struck him as probable, to consult the books within his reach, and if he found the same view entertained by one or two of the ancients, he gave it to his people without scruple, as feeling pretty sure that he was right. On my mentioning Wogan, Keble said that with *him* he could not go along, as *his* mystical interpretations were not the interpretations of the ancient Church. He promised to write me something about

the examinations for Orders, if, on reflection, he could think of anything likely to help me. At dinner we had three curates, and another clergyman. Some of the talk went on the best modes of catechizing children, and of managing Sunday-schools. I spoke of what I thought could be done by a teacher to lead his scholars to compare different passages of Holy Scripture, and so, in a measure, to find out its interpretation for themselves. Mr. Keble, dissenting, asked how far I should think it wise to foster in the scholars the notion that they could themselves find out the meaning of the Scriptures; and was it not best to give them the interpretation with authority?

There was some talk about Bishop Wilson, and his son, and the editor of his works; also about the short-horned cattle of the Southampton show. The following day, talking of Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Keble said that, from some letters now in Sir W. Heathcote's possession, it appeared that Oliver Cromwell was as sharp in buying land as in other things. Talking of Carlyle's making a hero of him, Mr. Keble said, "Whitewashing is a very good trade, and it ought to have clever fellows in it as well as other trades;" but after a pause he added, "The worst of the whitewashing is, that to be successful in it one must blackwash such a number of other people." And, again, after another pause,—"The most evident stain on Milton's moral character would be removed, could Carlyle be successful in this"—alluding to Milton's flattery of Oliver Cromwell. We had a long day's work in the school. The boys' school is a remarkably good one, the girls' school respectable. Mr. Keble said afterwards he thought that he and I went on two different plans in teaching children, and that it would be better for the future to make the instruction a mixture of analysis and synthesis; that he had been in the habit, after reading a passage of Scripture, of asking his boys what they had learned from it, whereas I had put the conclusions before them, asking them for the premises; *e.g.* asking what passages of Scripture taught us the fitting subjects of prayer, and the mode in which prayer should be offered. In the evening he took me to see the gardens of Hursley Park. We had some talk about the best expositors of Scripture; he said that he believed Newman recommended Justinian's exposition of the Romans. He said that the volume of "Plain Sermons" now coming out was, hitherto, all of his writing; the third volume being Pusey's, the fifth volume Newman's; that he could not always distinguish between his brother's

(T. Keble's) sermons and the editor's (I. Williams).

On my speaking of South Wales, he asked if I were related to you. I told him you were grown into a rural dean, and had just finished a house in which you would feel it to be a great honour as well as pleasure to entertain himself and Mrs. Keble if their travels should ever bring them to

Pembrokeshire. They are going next week to Scotland. We had some talk about the dutifulness of following the Church's teaching in the Sunday-school, so as, if possible, to make the Epistle interpret the Gospel. On Tuesday morning I left to visit the Otterbourne schools. I hope to have the pleasure, however, of paying him a yearly visit. J. A.

WASHINGTON AND MADAME LAFAYETTE.—The Edinburgh Review is quite mistaken in supposing that Washington never acknowledged Madame Lafayette's letter from Chavanine to him, or that no reply to her letter ever reached her. Madame Lafayette herself, in implying in her second letter that Washington had neglected her, showed the impatience of a woman in distress, rather than the wisdom of a person suggesting new methods of diplomacy.

The facts are distinctly stated in Mr. Sparks's edition of Washington's letters. Before receiving the first letter which we printed on Monday, Washington wrote to her, on the 31st of January, 1793, expressing his distress at learning of her husband's imprisonment, and at the same time, with a certain Anglo-Saxon tact, and with great delicacy, he authorized her to draw on a Dutch banker for two hundred guineas:—

"This sum," he says, "is, I am certain, the least I am indebted for services rendered to me by the Marquis de Lafayette, of which I never yet have received the account. I could add much, but it is best perhaps that I should say little on the subject. Your goodness will supply my deficiency."

Washington however had not her address, and this remittance did not at once reach her. As soon as he received the letter of the 8th of October, he wrote to her again, having already taken every step possible for her husband's relief. We had no diplomatic relations with Austria or Prussia, but every minister we had abroad was instructed to use his best influence for Lafayette's relief. The English government was asked to mediate with Austria and declined. Washington then wrote a private letter to the Emperor of Germany, asking that Lafayette might be permitted to come to the United States, intimating that his punishment had perhaps been sufficiently long, and urging his release on the ground of his own friendship for him. In point of fact, when Lafayette was relieved, he was delivered over, by order of the Austrian government, to the American consul at Hamburg. Meanwhile Madame Lafayette had left France to seek her husband, and Mr. Monroe, the American minister in France, had remitted to her, not only the two hundred guineas, but all the money she wanted. He had done this under directions from Washington himself. He says in his letter that she left Paris grateful to

Washington and America. It is evident from the whole correspondence, that she recovered at once from any feeling that Washington had neglected her, and that Washington, even before she appealed to him, had done everything in his power both for her relief and for the liberation of her husband, as he continued to do afterwards.

We can hardly claim, however, that the friendly letter of Washington to the Emperor of Germany produced the surrender of Lafayette. Emperors of Germany, in those days, cared little for letters from Presidents of America. It was only after the disastrous campaign of the spring of 1797, when Bonaparte was almost under the walls of Vienna, that the Emperor of Germany was compelled to attend to Lafayette. The first article in the treaty of Campoformio provided for his liberation. Daily Advertiser.

A BRAZILIAN PRESENT TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.—The Boston Transcript of last evening says: "A curious present has been sent to Whittier from Brazil. One of the poet's most beautiful pieces is the 'Cry of a Lost Soul,' founded on a tradition of Northern Brazil, to the effect that the lonely nocturnal cry of the bird called by the people on the Amazon the *Alma de Caboclo* or *Alma perdida* (the soul of the Indian, or the Lost Soul), is not the cry of a bird, but of

"The pained soul of some infidel
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell."

"This poem so interested the Emperor of Brazil that he translated it very faithfully and poetically into Portuguese, and sent an autograph copy to Whittier. It was also translated by Pedro Lins, a Brazilian poet, and published widely in South America. The Emperor furthermore sent to Mr. Whittier two fine stuffed specimens of the *Alma perdida* (the *Piaya Cayana Lin*), but through the honesty of the captain of the vessel, or of the New York Custom House, the birds never reached Amesbury. A few weeks ago two other unstuffed specimens were sent from Brazil to the poet, and have recently been 'set up' by Mr. Charles G. Brewster at his place in Tremont street, where these 'lost souls' have attracted much attention. They are to be forwarded to Mr. Whittier to-day."

MAN'S RISK IN MATRIMONY.

An Eclogue. BROWN. JONES.

Brown. O JONES, your countenance is glum.
AYOW

What cause with anxious care has marked your brow.

A sum upon the wrong horse have you lost,
 Or are you in the tender passion crossed?

Jones. Not yet my Book miscalculation knows,
 Nor have I jilted been, as you suppose.
 No; on the contrary, the truth to say,
 The dresses all are made, and named 's the day.

Brown. Then does another flame your bosom fire,
 And from your bargain would you fain retire?
 'Tis true that MABEL's charms much MAUD's excel:

And do I talk to an inconstant Swell?

Jones. MAUD will have wealth, and MABEL will have none.

My thoughts on RUSSELL GURNER's measure run;

Bill to select Committee now referred:

The "Married Women's Property"—absurd!

Brown. Why should that Bill, designed, in spite of sex,
 That wives may hold their own, your mind perplex?

'Tis not yet passed; wed quickly while you can,
 Ere it, enacted, can affect a man.

Jones. Why, so I would, BROWN, but that, don't you see?

MAUD has to come into her property.

If RUSSELL GURNER's Act for married men

Should prove a retrospective one, what then?

Brown. Had you not better, while you can, withdraw?

Jones. Then what in case the Bill become not law,

Such as I fear? Meanwhile, did I break loose
 For breach of promise could I plead excuse?

Brown. An awkward hole no doubt that you are in.

He runs a risk who marries now for tin.
 Should the Bill pass, then only men that fall
 In love will marry: none besides at all.

Jones. 'Twill give the girl whose fortune is her face

As good a chance as girls in richer case:

A better, if the richer girls are plain.

How many such old maidens will remain!

Brown. A good thing too, for them at any rate,

Better celibacy than wife's estate

Shared with a sordid wretch, who had in view
 Naught but her money—JONES, I don't mean you.

Jones. And if you did, you know I shouldn't care.

I apprehend that marriage will be rare

When men are moved thereto by love alone,
 My wedding how I wish I could postpone!
 PUNCH.

MY IDEAL.

SMALL, frail of figure, young; and like a child
 For utter trust and large and loving eyes;
 With hair like golden seaweed, running wild
 In glistening clusters to a tiny waist;
 A rosebud mouth, with sayings not too wise,
 But very sweet to hear; a satin skin,
 White mostly, but flushed faintly from within
 With rosy lights,—as when a lamp is placed
 Within a porcelain vase,—as though a rose
 With blown, white heart were slowly growing red.

Like pearls entwined with blossoms, she shall wed

To Nature's charms all grace that art bestows.

She shall be pure and true enough to greet

A poor relation in the gaping street!

Saint Paul's.

W. C.

THE DARKENED MIND.

THE fire is burning clear and blithely,
 Pleasantly whistles the winter wind;
 We are about thee, thy friends and kindred,
 On us all flickers the firelight kind;
 There thou sittest in thy wonted corner
 Lone and awful in thy darkened mind.

There thou sittest; now and then thou moanest;
 Thou dost talk with what we cannot see,
 Lookest at us with an eye so doubtful,
 It doth put us very far from thee;
 There thou sittest; we would fain be nigh thee,
 But we know that it can never be.

We can touch thee, still we are no nearer;
 Gather round thee, still thou art alone;
 The wild chasm of reason is between us;
 Thou confutest kindness with a moan;
 We can speak to thee, and thou canst answer,
 Like two prisoners through a wall of stone.

Hardest heart would call it very awful
 When thou look'st at us and seest—O what?
 If we move away, thou sittest gazing
 With those vague eyes at the selfsame spot,
 And thou mutterest, thy hands thou wringest,
 Seeing something,—us thou seest not.

Strange it is that, in this open brightness,
 Thou shouldst sit in such a narrow cell;
 Strange it is that thou shouldst be so lonesome
 Where those are who love thee all so well;
 Not so much of thee is left among us
 As the hum outliving the hushed bell.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A WOMAN'S IDEAL.

A WOMAN'S IDEAL.

A PARODY.

Whom'er he be,
That not Impossible He,
To be hereafter lord of me,

Though he now lie
Where mortal naked eye
Cannot his shape descry,

I do believe that he,
Most verily,
In flesh and blood doth wait for me.

I wish him beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To arts of dress — pins, rings, or blue tie.

Something more than
Hate or blacking can,
Which make the fop, and not the man.

An eye that's bright
With youth's own eagle light,
And needs no "glass" for sight.

A stately form and tall,
Highest in field and hall,
As was of old KING SAUL.

Standing among men, proud,
With a free step, uncowed,
With a high head, unbowed.

Tender to woman's tears,
Pity for maiden's fears,
Kind words for children's ears;

A true heart and a clear head,
Yet not all Euclid-bred,
Or on stale classics fed;

One who can ride to hounds,
And loveth sylvan sounds,
But is not "horsey" without bounds;

One who can steer and scull,
A "biceps" that can pull
Up-stream a whole boat-full.

Yet with a soul and parts
For finer, gentler arts,
That live in noble hearts:

One who can rise and sing
When maidens wake the string,
And softest cadence fling.

A fair, good name,
Perhaps no renown or fame,
At least no taint of shame.

A manly grace,
That looks you in the face
And owns to no disgrace.

Now, if Time knows
This him, for whose high brows
There waits my wreath of vows,

He that dares be
What these lines wish to see,
I seek no further — it is he!

Punch.



